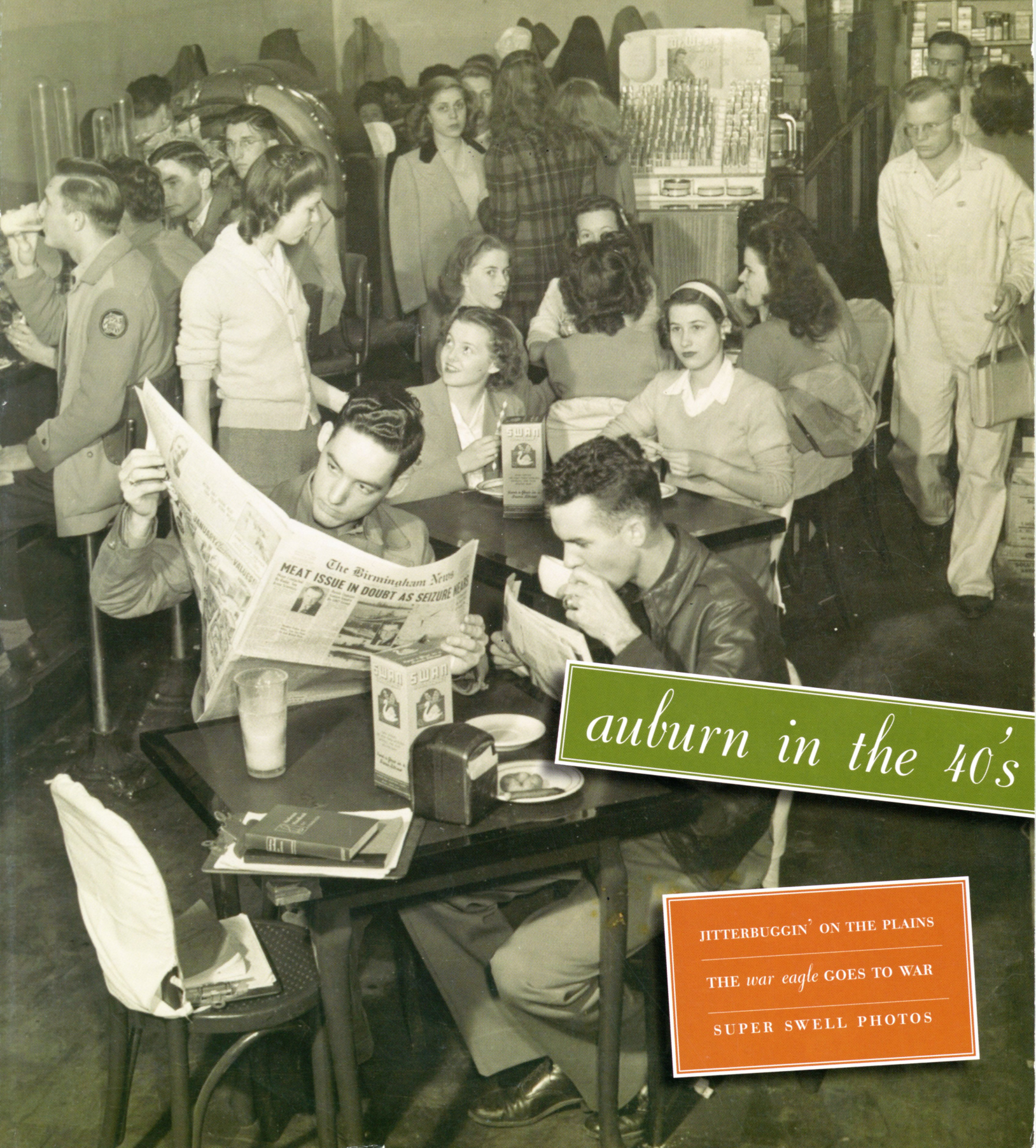


THE CIRCLE

VOLUME 34 ISSUE 1



auburn in the 40's

JITTERBUGGIN' ON THE PLAINS

THE war eagle GOES TO WAR

SUPER SWELL PHOTOS

THE CIRCLE

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ABOUT THE CIRCLE

The Circle is Auburn University's general interest magazine. It serves as a forum for the artists, writers, photographers, and designers of Auburn University. Our goal is that this publication will accurately represent the diverse talents and abilities of the Auburn community. The Auburn Circle is free to all students. Issues are published once every fall and spring. Students from all majors, alumni, faculty, staff, and supporters of Auburn University are invited to submit to The Circle.

Letter From the Editor



This year The Circle is taking a look back. Back to the times when Frank Sinatra crooned on the radio and students danced in the Auburn streets. Back when our school was the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, to the times when our grandparents lived the lives we now live.

Looking at these poignant images of Auburn University in the 1940s and '50s, I was struck with the thought that this was how Auburn students lived. The photos of that era are art themselves.

This magazine serves as a general interest magazine to showcase the abilities of Auburn's writers, photographers, artists and designers. I hope we have done that and given you a look at your past. Maya Angelou said, "No man can know where he is going unless he knows exactly where he has been." These pictures are a glimpse of where we as Auburn students have been. Almost everything has changed, yet Auburn is still the same.

I want to thank The Circle staff for their efforts in selecting pieces and designing the magazine. I would like to especially thank Amy LaRue for all of her hard work and support this year. Thanks to every student and faculty member who submitted work. The submissions were of the highest quality, as always, and we are honored to receive it. I want to encourage every student and faculty member to submit their work and be a part of The Circle.

Katy Donaldson
KATY DONALDSON



Victoria Johnson

Sophomore
Journalism

"Do what you feel; don't hesitate."
- Donavon Frankenreiter



Sara Beth Brown

Junior
Spanish, Accounting

"Go confidently in the direction of your
dreams, live the life you've imagined!"
-Henry David Thoreau



Rebecca Lakin

Sophomore
Journalism

"Because God created the Natural
invented it out of His love and
artistry, it demands our reverence."
-C.S. Lewis



Katy Donaldson

Junior
Journalism

"True heroism is remarkably
sober, very undramatic. It is not
the urge to surpass all others at
whatever cost, but the urge to
serve others at whatever cost."
-Arthur Ashe



Erika Bilbo

Sophomore
Graphic Design

"The naked truth is still taboo."
—Bob Dylan



Anna Elmore

Sophomore
English

"Remember who you are"
-Charles Edwin Elmore Jr.



Richard Price

Freshman
English

"In such a world as this
does one dare to think for
himself?"



Brittany Browder

Junior
English

"Was there only one world after
all, which spent its time dreaming of
others?"

-Philip Pullman



Amy Steinkampf

Sophomore

Applied Mathematics

I have never let my schooling inter-
fere with my education
-Mark Twain



Ari Randle

Sophomore
Public Relations

"I not only use all the brains that I have,
but all that I can borrow."

-Woodrow Wilson



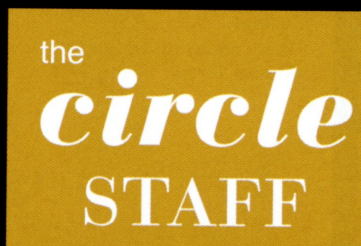
Hallie Johnston

Junior
English

"The power to learn is present in
everyone's soul and the instrument
with which each learns is like an
eye that cannot be turned around
from darkness to light without
turning the whole body."

-Plato





Heather Ann Schaffner

Sophomore
Public Administration
"Man is born either to live in a state of
inactivity in quietude or lethargic disgust."
-Voltaire

Morgan Cash

Sophomore
Apparel Merchandising
"The object in life is not to be on the
side of the majority, but to escape find-
ing oneself in the ranks of the insane."
-Marcus Aurelius

Kristina Tanner

Junior
Interior Design
"Why not go out on a limb?
That's where the fruit is."
-Mark Twain

Terran Wilson

Senior
Architecture
"Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow."
-Langston Hughes

Emily Morgan

Junior
Graphic Design
"The answer to your question, Will
I love you? Quite simply is only
always."
-Brock Butler

Evan Dick

Junior
Architecture
"The desert is the environment of revela-
tion, genetically and physiologically alien,
sensorily austere, esthetically abstract,
historically inimical... Its forms are bold
and suggestive. The mind is beset by light
and space, the kinesthetic novelty of arid-
ity, high temperature, and wind".
-Man in the Landscape

Ben Statham

Freshman
Undecided/Pre-Medicine





Beth Parmer
Sophomore
Zoology
"Peace begins with a smile."
-Mother Teresa



Brooke Glassford
Sophomore
Liberal Arts Undeclared
"Trust steadily in God, hope unswervingly,
love extravagantly."



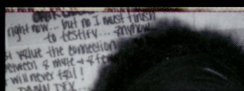
Becca Burslem
Freshman
Interior Design
"Twenty years from now you
will be more disappointed by
the things you didn't do than the
ones you did do. So throw off the
bowlines. Sail away from the safe
harbor. Catch the wind in your
sails. Explore. Dream. Discover."
-Mark Twain



Amy LaRue
Senior
English
I don't want to live. I want to love
first, and live incidentally...
-Zelda Fitzgerald



Tia Filhiol
Junior
Nutrition and Dietetics
"Questions of science, science and
progress, do not speak as loud to
my heart."
- Coldplay



Grace Halbert
Freshman
History
"You can either hold yourself
up to the unrealistic stan-
dards of others, or ignore
them and concentrate on
being happy with yourself as
you are."
-J. Jacques

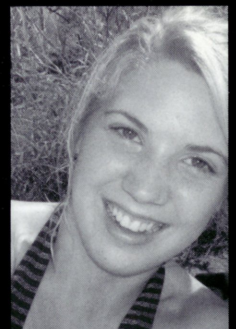
Janna Maples
Junior
English

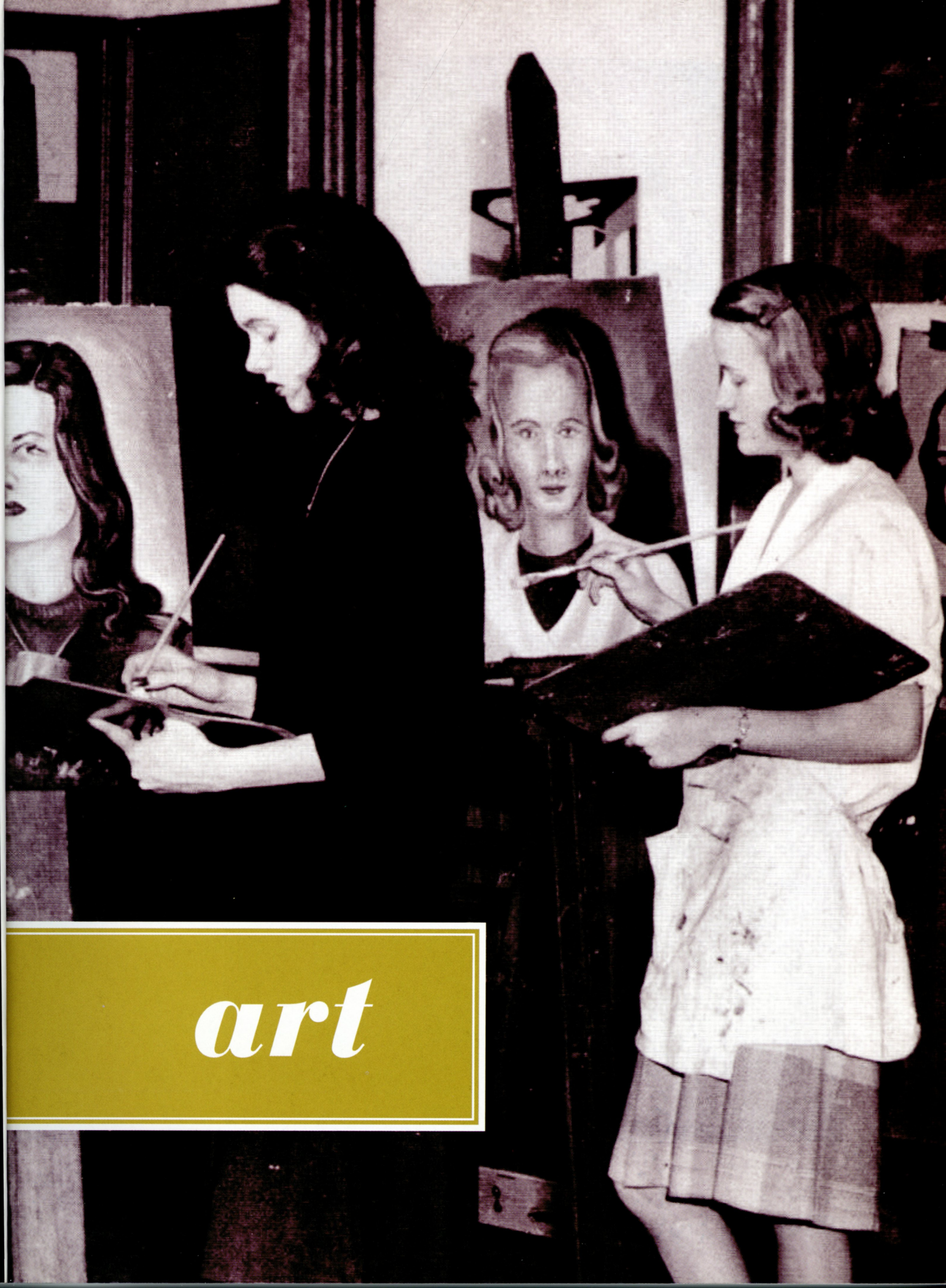
Cloe Hobdy
Sophomore
English
"Walk into a room like you
own the place."
-my dad

Caitlin Kearns
Sophomore
Pre-veterinary medicine
"There are some people who
live in a dream world, and
there are some that face real-
ity; and then there are those
that turn one into the other."
-Douglas Everett

Kathryn Cooper
Sophomore
Fine Arts
"Art is the right making of a
thing to be made."

Sarah Humphreys
Freshman
English
"When you've seen beyond
yourself you may find peace of
mind is waiting there."
-The Beatles





art





Bluebird
Jenny Starkey

Tall Vase
Jenny Starkey

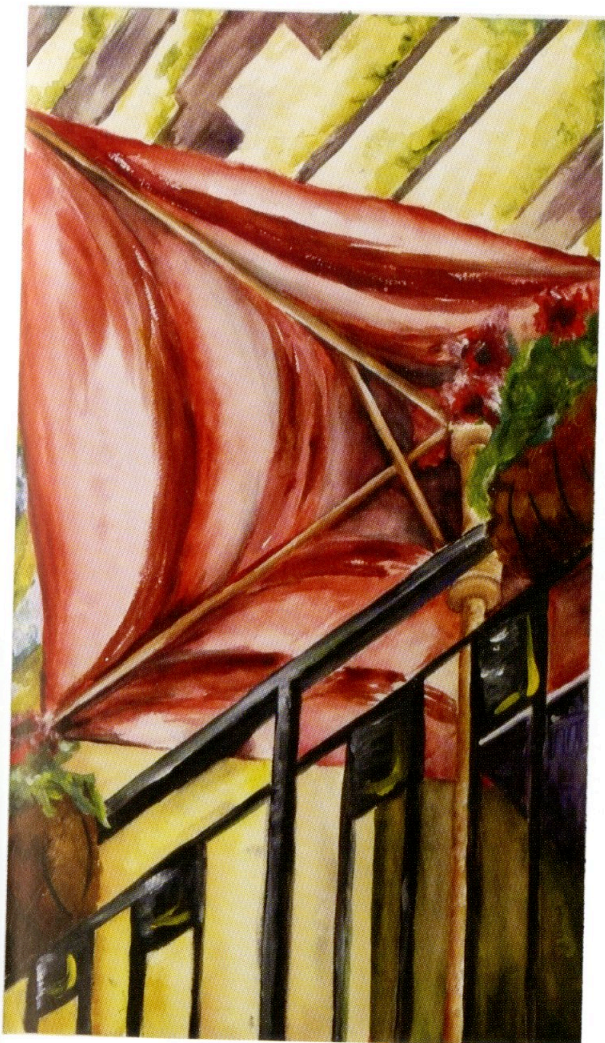
Man in the Machine
Brandon Dean

Lady in the Rain
David H. Dewees

Replication of Analogous DNA
Lisa Trinh







Haymarket
Evan Dick

Techno Bound
Shannon Leutzinger

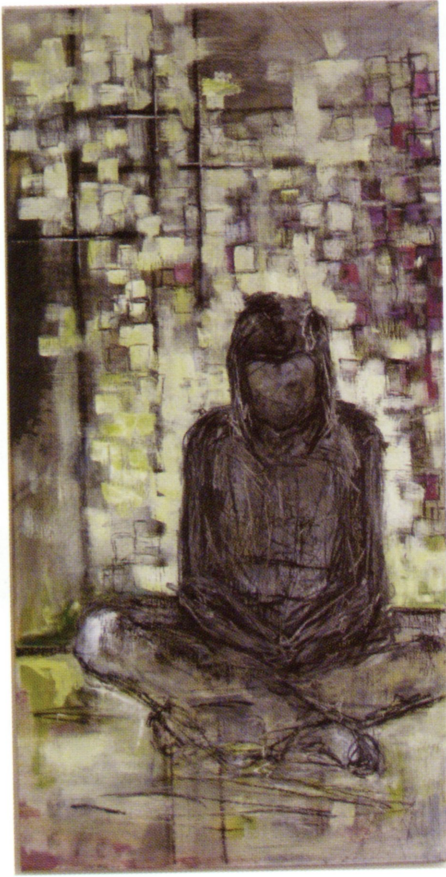
Saint Sebastian
Brandon Dean

Boston Cafe from Below
Shannon Leutzinger

Reverse Reflections
Shannon Leutzinger

Fall
Laurie Ann Johnson







Katie Prayer 1
Laurie Ann Johnson



Liberty
Tim Kerr

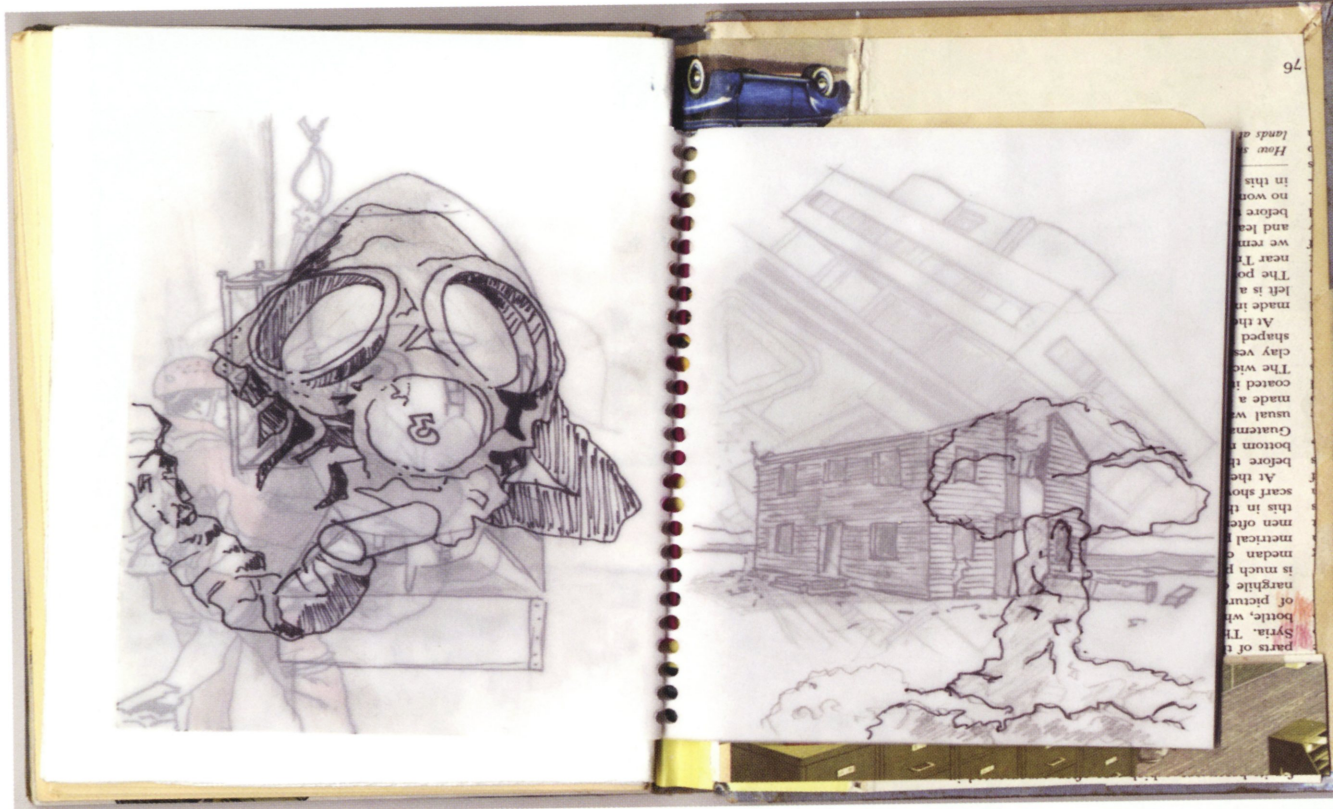


Wine Window
Laurie Ann Johnson

Orange Trees Old and New
Shannon Leutzinger

Jamestown Bridge
Nick Paolucci

Sticky Situation
Allison Cleveland





White Sands Missile Range
Evan Dick

Fallen
John Thompson

Tenebrous Wound
Roger Mainor

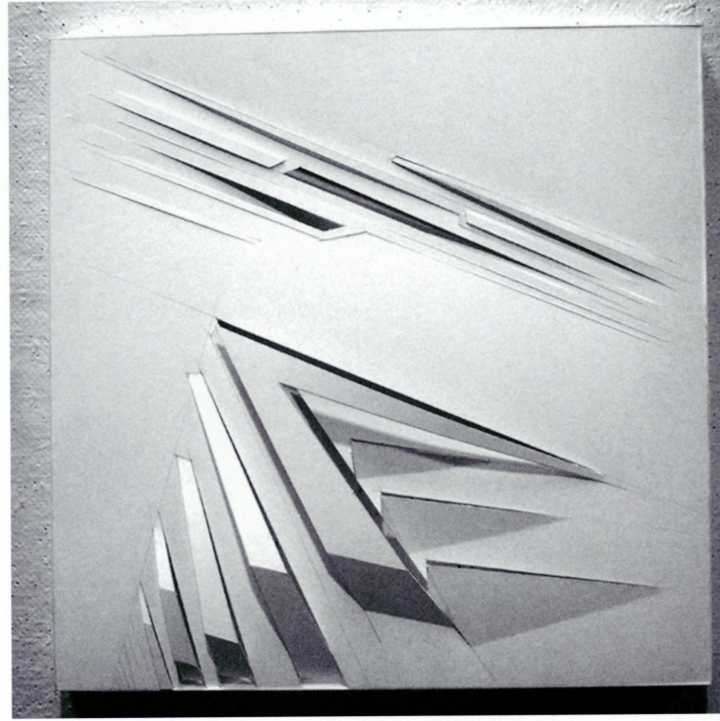
Bhishma in the Garden of Light
Roger Mainor

Middle Bay Summer Storm
Branan Mercer



Umbrae
Evan Dick

Snow Storm
Brandon Dean





Virginia Tech
Nick Paolucci

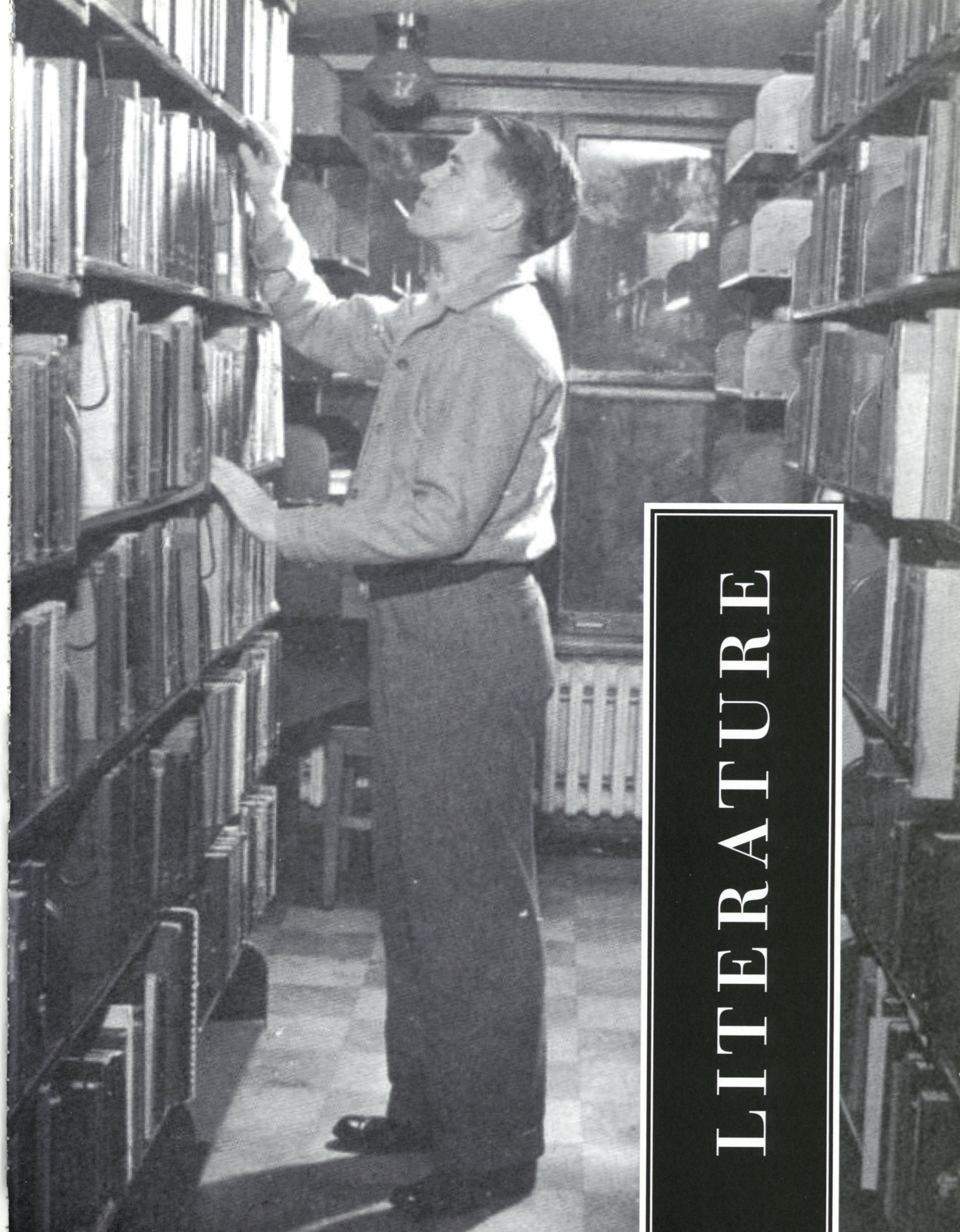
Darkness
Nick Paolucci





Chop
Katelyn Royster

When I was young I thought life was so Beautiful
Katelyn Royster



LITTÉRATURE

In My Solitude

ABBY HOGELIN

Dennis Kingsley poured himself a glass of vodka and toasted his black Scotty dog, Felix. It was Dennis's thirty-sixth birthday, and he was celebrating it as he had for the past five years, in his small brick house with his dog and jazz in the background. He listened to "In My Solitude" over and over. The lyrics seemed to express exactly how he felt: "You taunt me with memories that never die," except he couldn't figure out what was bothering him. He had worked as a clerk at Neil and Malcolm Arendall's law firm in downtown Schenectady, New York since he graduated high school, and this year he realized that he had spent half of his life working there. He couldn't remember what had happened during that time period, or understand how it had passed so quickly.

The one bright moment in his career had come eight years ago when Ruby Hardwick had filled in for Linda, the secretary, while she was on maternity leave. Ruby was the perfect name to describe the color of her lips. She was short and chubby, with a round face and smooth pale skin and pink cheeks. She had straight black hair and dark brown eyes. She had a wide bright smile that showed off her perfectly straight teeth. Dennis was attracted to her, even though she was six years younger than he, and she had a boyfriend. She had a boyfriend! Dennis cringed with regret every time he remembered the day he learned this disappointing fact.

Ruby had been working there for a little over three weeks when he approached her desk one afternoon and asked, "Would you like to go to the movies with me tonight?"

"I can't," she replied, "my boyfriend Rick is picking me up for dinner at 5:00."

"Oh." He turned around and slowly walked back to his office.

"I sit in my chair and filled with despair. . ." He spent the rest of the afternoon sulking in his office. "Of course she has a boyfriend," he muttered, "she's beautiful. He's probably some jock with big muscles and a fast car." By the time Rick arrived to pick her up, he was determined to go into the lobby and meet him, to try to make small talk while Ruby gathered her things. But he didn't come inside, so Dennis had no way of knowing if his predictions were correct. He looked out the window to see a black Corvette idling in the side parking lot. Being right about that part did not make him feel better.

After that, Rick returned to their office a few more times to pick up Ruby for various dates, but Dennis never saw him because he made a point to busy himself with work whenever he came by.

Secretly he wished that she would break up with him so he could date her. But it was not to be. Linda was soon back from maternity leave, and he resigned himself to the fact

that he would never see Ruby again. When her wedding invitation arrived at the office over a year later, Dennis took it home and burned it in his fireplace. He knew it was a childish thing to do, but he couldn't bear to see the proof that she was lost to him forever.

Now, eight years later, he had almost forgotten about her, except for those few times when her face would appear to him at night in his dreams. Sometimes the dreams would be a re-enactment of that awful day when he had asked her out. She would haunt him with the words, "My boyfriend, my boyfriend Rick," which echoed throughout the dream. Other times he would imagine her in her wedding gown, leaning on the arm of a much taller man without a face, and she would repeat the words, "My husband." He would awake with the song "In My Solitude" floating through his brain.

Then one summer afternoon a few weeks after his birthday, while Dennis was refilling his coffee mug in the front lobby, she came back, this time as a client. She was terribly thin and had dark sunken places in her once full cheeks. He wouldn't have recognized her except for her bright red lips, which were now struggling to smile. She carried a young blond girl in a blue plaid jumper on her hip, and led an older brown-haired boy by the hand.

"Ruby?" he asked, still holding the coffee pitcher in midair.

"How may I help you, ma'am?" Linda asked.

"I need to see a lawyer about a divorce."

"A divorce?" Dennis repeated. She still had not made eye contact with him, or acknowledged his earlier question, but he knew she remembered him.

"Wait here while I see if one of them is available."

She sank wearily into the chair offered her, and the two children sat on her lap.

"Are you okay? Did he hurt you?" Dennis asked.

"No," she replied. "He left me for another woman."

"With two small children?"

"Yes. Toby is six, and Adriana is three. Kids, say hello to Mr. Kingsley."

"Hi," they both said softly.

"I am so sorry. Is there anything I can do for you? Let me buy you a drink."

"No, you'd better not. There's another one on the way."

Linda returned and led Ruby and her children back to Neil's office. Dennis still stood there in shock. Finally, after Linda had cleared her throat several times, he shook his head quickly and returned to his office. Dennis had trouble concentrating on his work that afternoon. He could hear loud sobs coming from the end of the hallway, where Neil was consulting with Ruby. He waited until he heard her get ready to leave, then he stood in his doorway and waited quietly.

"Ruby, if there is anything I can do, just call me," he said,

handing her his business card. She took it without saying anything and continued walking toward the door.

Over the next few weeks, Ruby returned frequently, but Dennis never got a chance to talk to her or re-extend his offer to help. She would walk by his door quickly, staring straight ahead. Then she stopped coming and Dennis was afraid he would not see her again until her court date. Then one day she called him.

"I guess you know everything about my case by now," she said without introducing herself.

It took Dennis a moment to realize who she was.

"No, I don't. They won't let me work on your case since I know you."

"I want to talk to you. Are you free on Saturday?"

"Yes, do you want to come over to my house?" he asked.

"No. Meet me at Brookside Park at 11:00."

"I'll be there."

It took Dennis a long time to decide what to wear on Saturday. Then he thought, "What am I doing? I can't take advantage of her at a time like this." He finally settled on a green T-shirt and jeans. He put Felix on a leash and drove downtown to the park. Ruby and her children were already waiting for him on a bench that overlooked the Mohawk River. The kids were excited to see little Felix tugging at the leash, so Dennis let him play with them while he and Ruby talked.

"Your hair has receded some since I saw you last," she began.

"It has not!" Dennis replied, turning red.

She laughed and smiled for the first time since he had seen her that afternoon when she returned to the office.

"You've changed some, too," he added.

"That will happen when you've had two kids and a husband who walks out on you." Dennis didn't say anything, but sat listening as she told her long, painful story.

She told him how great her marriage had been in the beginning, how Rick had bought her nice jewelry and complimented her cooking and danced with her in the kitchen. Then she told how she had gained weight after she had Toby, and Rick started complaining about her getting too fat. The tears flowed freely down her face, but she didn't bother to wipe them away. After she had given birth to Adriana, she had worked hard to lose weight, but it was never enough for him. One day she smelled women's perfume on his dress shirt. She had asked him about it, and he had said it was a sample from a restroom in a fancy restaurant. She didn't believe him. That evening, he didn't come home. She had stayed up all night waiting for him, then called his friends from work the next morning. One of them finally had the nerve to tell her he had left with Denise from marketing.

"He took everything. He took all of the money from our bank account and left me with two kids and a house pay-

ment," she concluded with a sob.

"I'm sorry," Dennis said.

"Wait, that's not all," she said and struggled to regain her composure. "A few days later I found out I was pregnant with #3. I didn't know what to do. So I put the kids in the car in the garage and started the engine. We sat there for a while, but it didn't work. I started feeling sick and turned off the engine. The kids had fallen asleep in the backseat, and I couldn't bear to let them die that way. I rushed them out into the fresh air, and somehow, they got better. I thank God I didn't have to take them to the hospital."

This time Dennis didn't say anything, but he held her and let her cry on his shoulder while he stroked her back. He thought for a moment how strange it was that here he was, finally getting to hold her like he'd always wanted, but it wasn't like he had imagined it would be. Her head rested heavily on his shoulder, and her arms were tightly crossed against herself. She did not put her arms around Dennis. Although she would soon be free from her husband, she was closed off from him, from everyone. After a few minutes, she pulled away.

"What about you? Are you still single after all these years?"

"Yes, you know women aren't interested in quiet, short guys like me."

"Dennis, you always made me laugh."

"Really? We hardly ever talked to each other."

"Yeah, but the things you did were so funny. Like the time you tried to answer the phone but ended up dropping the receiver into the trash can. Or the time you spilled coffee on your shirt and tried to cover it up by tucking your tie into your pants."

Dennis winced as he realized for the first time that she had never taken him seriously. He said, "I want to help you. Do you have a place to stay?"

"We're living with my mother right now. I'll be fine once this divorce is settled. Neil told me he's going to try to get half our savings for me, plus child support."

"I hope it works out for you."

"Thanks," she smiled grimly, and they sat looking at each other. Dennis longed to hold her again, to tell her that he'd always loved her, but it was too late. She was already gone, and he was left in solitude.

The Fishermen

JONATHAN JONES

The grasses surrounding East Rock Lake were blowing wildly in the strong morning wind. As the tall man walked up the road toward the docks, he looked out over the lake. The weeds and brush surrounded the lake like a fence, and although the wind was tossing the grasses about, the water remained calm. The reflection of the shrubbery, tossing back in forth, mirrored perfectly in the calm water. As the tall man approached the docks he turned to wait for his companion. It was always this way. He always arrived before the rich man. He always waited for the rich man before he loaded the boat. He didn't really mind waiting anymore.

The rich man arrived five minutes later.

"Hello, friend" he said.

"Hello," said the tall man.

"Perfect fishing weather, eh? Not like yesterday."

"Is it?" The tall man thought about the day before, but he could not remember the weather. Maybe it rained. They were fishing, surely, but he couldn't picture it.

"What was it like yesterday?" he asked.

"Oh," began the rich man, "it was a mighty storm! We had to cut our lines and come in. The boat nearly capsized."

"Oh. I don't remember it."

"You will," the rich man said. Then, "So, shall we fish?"

"Yes, let's go," said the tall man.

The boat was the tall man's. It was a modest green ten foot fishing boat that was handed down to him from his father. It had been the tall man's father's boat. And his father's. And probably his father's before then. When his father had given it to him, the tall man thought he saw a sense of relief escaping his father's tired yellow eyes, happy to finally rid himself of the vessel.

The tall man and the rich man sat in the green boat in the middle of East Rock Lake. The two men sat with their backs to each other, facing opposite ends of the boat, each holding a small pole that guided the delicate fishing line out into the water. The wind was still blowing and the tall grasses surrounding the lake were dancing wildly. Gentle waves formed along the top of the water, flowing in the wind's direction.

"How long do we fish?" the tall man asked.

"All day," replied the rich man.

"I'm bored."

"Hush. You'll catch one soon."

"Have we ever caught one?" the tall man asked

"I think so. Surely. Yes, yes, I remember now," said the rich man. "We both caught one yesterday."

"Yesterday? A fish? I don't remember."

"You will. Oh boy, you will. You were reeling him in all afternoon. Got blisters on your hands! You pulled and sweated and pulled some more and you finally netted him! Twelve pound bass. A beauty, it was!"

"Wow," began the tall man. "Twelve pounds! How about that. I think I'm beginning to remember! Wow, twelve pounds, huh?"

"Yep," said the rich man. "And me too! We both netted a bass over ten pounds yesterday."

"Wow. Two ten-plus pounders. That's a lot of fish. What did we do with them?"

"I don't remember. Took them home, maybe. To our families."

"Yes," said the tall man. "our families. They must have been proud of such large fish."

"Oh, they were," said the rich man. "I'm sure of it."

The two sat in silence for a while. The tall man looked at his pole. He stared at his line at the top of the pole, and then tried to follow it out over the boat and the air and into the water, but his eyes got lost in the sun. He was sure the line was in the water, but he could never follow it with his eyes all the way there.

"I sure wish I could catch another fish like the one I did yesterday," said the tall man.

"You will. We both will," said the rich man. "Maybe we are in the wrong spot."

"Yes, the wrong spot," said the tall man. "Where were we yesterday?"

"I don't remember. Maybe further south."

"Which way is south?"

"I don't know," said the rich man.

"Well, we should definitely change areas. There's no fish here."

"Yes, the fish must be further south." The two men picked up the oars lying at their feet. "Shall we move south?"

"Yes," said the tall man. "Let's go."

The two men rowed the small green boat to a point which they believed was further south than their previous spot. They put down the oars and picked up their fishing poles. They sat at opposite ends of the boat, their backs facing each other, and slung the lines outward into the water.

"Did we bait?" the tall man asked.

"Huh?" said the rich man, startled.

"Did we bait those hooks?"

"Surely we did. Who would throw empty hooks into the lake?"

"I don't remember doing it."

"I don't remember it either. But surely we did. Only fools would cast out a hook that wasn't baited."

"You're right," said the tall man. "We must have baited them. It only makes sense."

"Of course," said the rich man. "We're not fools. We do things that make sense. And, therefore, we bait the hooks."

"Of course," replied the tall man.

The wind had never stopped blowing. Bits of grass and

leaves were beginning to skim across the surface of the water, having been blown loose by the breeze. The tall man's ears were beginning to hurt. The wind was chapping them. He could feel in turning red and sensitive from the cold.

"My ears hurt," offered the tall man.

"Mine too," said the rich man. "My ears are burning. Everybody's ears hurt. That's nothing special."

"What should we do?"

"About what?"

"About our ears," said the tall man.

"What is there to be done? All of our ears hurt. Just try to not think about the pain."

"We should get hats."

"Perhaps," said the rich man. "Perhaps hats would cover our ears. But then our hands would begin to hurt. You've only forgotten about your hands hurting because of your ears."

"My hands hurt?"

"Everybody's hands hurt. Just try not to think about it."

"Ok. But maybe tomorrow we'll bring hats."

"Maybe," said the rich man. "Maybe tomorrow."

The two men sat and fished in silence, their poles laying carelessly against their arms and their lines tossed aimlessly into the water. The wind was slowly carrying the lines back and forth in the water. Every now and then the tall man felt a phantom tug on his line. He yanked his pole back and began reeling the line in ferociously, only to stop halfway when he realized there was no fish pulling back. He did this several times before giving up, exhausted and embarrassed. He tossed his pole down onto the bottom of the boat.

"We should just give up," he told the rich man.

"Give up?" asked the rich man. "On what?"

"The fish. There's no fish here."

"Sure there is, you caught one only yesterday! Twelve pounds, remember?"

"No," said the tall man. "Do you?"

"No. But I'm sure you did. I did too. I'm sure of it. We've just got to keep fishing, keep waiting."

"Maybe you're right."

"Of course I am. We've just got to keep on. There's a fish coming soon, I can feel it."

"A fish for me?"

"For both of us," said the rich man. "We'll be going in soon enough, anyway. We must keep fishing for now, though, and soon we'll go in."

"Ok," said the tall man. He picked up his pole and cast in the line without looking.

The tall man looked out over the water toward the weeds surrounding the lake. They were blowing back and forth with no control. The wind was completely random and the grasses were wildly tossing to and fro, at the complete mercy of the air. The tall man could see the long stocks of each one of the weeds. Each shrub looked as if it was hanging on for dear life to the ground. The stalks were clinging desperately to their earthy home, resisting being tossed away into the madness of the ferocious wind. The tall man wondered if any of them

had a real chance in resisting. Yet, surrounding the entire lake were these weeds, each with a stalk firmly and resolutely planted into the soil, determined never to let go, never to be ripped from its roots. The wind continued to blow, the grass waving violently but planted firmly in the ground.

"Do you think the fish know about us?" asked the tall man.

"What do you mean?" said the rich man.

"I mean, do you think the fish know we're up here? And do they know that the bait is attached to a hook and that if they eat it, they might die?"

"I wouldn't know. I'm not a fish," said the rich man.

"I think they might," said the tall man decisively. "They might know. And most of the time that's why they don't bite the bait. They know what could happen. But every now and then, a fish doesn't care about what will happen. He gets so hungry that he decides to bite knowing full well the consequences. He knows he'll get hooked and caught but he doesn't care. He bites anyway."

"That's a mighty dumb fish," the rich man offered.

"Maybe," said the tall man. "Maybe he is. But I'll bet that bite is worth it. Even if he ends up caught, I bet it's worth it. All a fish really wants to do is eat."

"Maybe," said the rich man. Then, after a few moments, "Well, I guess we should head in."

"Head in?"

"Yes, we should head in and go home to our families."

"Yes, our families."

"So, shall we go?" asked the rich man.

"Yes, let's go," said the tall man.

The two men picked up their oars and began to row the small green boat back toward the East Rock Lake docks. When they arrived they tied to boat to the dock, gathered their poles and got out of the boat.

"What about tomorrow?" the tall man asked.

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, what shall we do then?"

"I suppose we'll be fishing tomorrow," said the rich man.

"Right, fishing," said the tall man.

"Hopefully the weather will be good for fishing. Not like yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes, there was a big storm. The boat almost capsized."

"Ah, right," said the tall man. "Tomorrow we will catch a fish."

"Surely," said the rich man. "Tomorrow is the day. For both of us. I can feel it."

The tall man turned away and began walking up the road that led away from the lake. He would be here tomorrow, he knew that. He would arrive before the rich man. As he walked away, the wind continued to howl, continued to toss about the grasses surrounding the lake. He walked on, his ears burning all the time.

Abilene, TX

AMY LARUE

We had been in Texas two years when I decided to leave him.

We left Alabama a week before my 18th birthday. Parker said we'd make it to L.A. just in time to celebrate, but we never made it that far. The money ran out in Abilene, Texas. I got a job as a waitress. Parker said we'd leave as soon as I made enough money for gas and food. My money, however, paid for the hotel room and Parker's little addictions—first it was pot and alcohol but had progressed to prescription pills. My money never made it to the empty whiskey jar I'd sat on the dresser.

I really loved him at first. I was seventeen when I met Parker. It was September, and the trees in Town Creek, Alabama were turning orange and red. Football season had just begun, and the Town Creek Rebels were predicted to make it all the way to state finals. He was standing on the sideline, camera around his neck and notebook in hand. From the student section, my friends and I stared at him until he turned around, then tried to look away nonchalantly. It was the second game of the season when they chose me to find out who he was. I walked to the sideline and in the most casually flirtatious voice I could concoct, asked him if he was new in town. He turned his head shyly toward me and said, "My name's Parker."

That was all he said to me that first night. It had taken four weeks, until the game against Wren to convince him to ask me out. The six-year age difference didn't bother him; he was more concerned about gas money. He said that age was just a formality and that to him I was never a 17 year old; I was just a girl who captivated him. His long brown hair was normally pulled back out of his face, which normally made him look like a member of one of the bands that regulated his i-pod. I never saw him eating, but he constantly had a cigarette lit. I always wondered what he was thinking but was too afraid to ask him; I didn't want to interrupt him while inside his thoughts. He had graduated from Vanderbilt two years earlier and had been living in Birmingham writing for *The Crusade*, a small weekly paper. I later found out that he had requested to cover the Town Creek games every week. That first week, he was given the assignment because half the sports writers were sick, but he usually wrote for the Intrigue section.

After our first date, Parker drove to Town Creek everyday; we spent as much time together as possible. I still don't know how he ever had time to write his assignments. We would take a blanket to Wheeler Park and lie for hours talking about the future.

Parker had wanted to move to L.A. since he was 15; he said he was sure he could become a famous author if only

he had the right environment for writing. Those were the days I thought this could last forever, but then life started to happen.

The leaves had fallen off the trees, and the days were shorter. My parents tried to keep me from spending so much time with him, which only pushed me towards him more. I started staying at his place on weekends, and his eyes started looking vacant, like the thoughts were gone. Some nights he would park his car at the park, those days he would pick me up behind the high school and drive around all day. He said that he had to get out, that this place was slowly killing him. It looked to me like the death was coming quicker then he admitted. By this time, he had totally stopped writing for *The Crusade* and was getting money by occasionally helping one of his friends fix cars. I told him that after graduation I would leave with him; I thought that it would save him. We could go to L.A.; I would work while he wrote his best-selling novel.

He refused to go to prom. He kept saying it was "stupid kid shit" and he had better things to do on a Saturday night than "watch a bunch of drunk teenagers puke on themselves." Instead, we went to his apartment in Birmingham, and I watched him and his "intellectual/sophisticated" older friends get stoned. Later that night, lying in bed, he told me that he loved me.

Two months later we were in my car on our way to California. I kept telling myself that this would make everything better, that he just needed to get out of Alabama. I had convinced myself that leaving would be the easy way to fix what was wrong; I needed us to be together.

It was April, and he would be turning 27 soon. He still hadn't finished his novel but kept saying that he was *almost* finished.

"Parker, do you ever think that maybe you could focus more if you weren't so messed up?" I said one day while I was reading the latest book reviews in *The New York Times*.

He just looked at me for a second and then picked up his coffee mug and threw it against the wall. As the broken glass fell to the floor and the black coffee ran in streaks down the white wall, he looked at me and calmly said, "I can't even look at the paper without this stuff in me. You don't understand how hard it is."

But sitting there, two years later, I realized that Parker didn't need us to be together, and he didn't need to be in L.A.; he just needed someone to take care of him. I knew what I had to do; Parker was the kind of man you just had to leave.

A Tribute

LINNEA PEPPER

Her hands, when I knew them, were flavored with time and coffee. I often wondered what they might have looked like in other days, when she spent her time chasing my two-year-old mother through the sprawling vegetable garden. Perhaps then her hands were lighter, more playful, like perfume worn in the day; or perhaps they tasted of aerosol and acetone, in the days when down a crumbling concrete pathway came lovely Southern ladies to "Holley's Beauty Spot," where they would sit for hours in muted green chairs made of leather and chat of Johnny Carson and day lilies.

I sometimes glance down at my hands when they're pressing pen to paper, and wonder what my granddaughter will say when she's looking at them politely folded and forever still in a white-washed cushioned casket. Or if she'll say anything at all.

I hope on that day a quiet young man with a gentle spirit and inquiring eyes will stand beside my granddaughter, hold her hand and say the words (without speaking) she needs to hear; I hope he'll provide a kind, knowing nod of consent when she turns to him and asks, "wasn't she beautiful?"

My hands probably won't taste of acetone and aerosol, though they might bear the mark of hot oil having formed tiny, searing circles a few thousand many times when I've taken a scoop of okra from the skillet.

Sometimes it seems to me my hands will bear the mark of having borne too many loads of textbooks and laptops; of having gripped too tightly and much too often a cold steering wheel when they should have been home stroking the head of a newborn baby or turning the page of *Hop on Pop*.

But it's when I'm standing at the edge of that casket, lined with pillows as white as angel's wings, when I'm gazing at those lifeless hands folded so gracefully, that I wonder: will my hands ever hold such an innocent, god-breathed creature in their palms; will they feel the warmth of the child and sigh? Will I think to myself, "she has eyes as deep as Granny's," bow my head and pray to the God above she becomes just one fifth as extraordinary as her great-grandmother? Or might I, having lived a life of self, look upon a mahogany shelf lined with Aristotle's *Poetics* and Dante's *Inferno* and instead think to myself, "how wretchedly these books have served me!" For, I've noticed, it is far too easy to dedicate a pair of hands to forever chasing some elusive goal of "intellectual fulfillment" than surrender them to love, the only thing so mysteriously concrete in this world. But never would my grandmother have reached for *Paradise Lost* before comforting a crying toddler or embracing an exhausted husband. Her hands had lived a life devoted to love and to loving; and if for no other reason than that they were, to me, hands of gold.

A Typical Girl

MELISSA LYNN

Mina was 8 years old when she overheard that she would not live to see her 20th birthday. She was 12 before she knew why.

She liked one thing better than anything else: maps. She was given her first globe the year she found out that she would never be able to travel and see the world. As the globe spun and the continents flew by, she let her fingers wander the ridges and valleys, around and around, blue, green, brown, white, red... until it would catch in the metal bar connecting the North and South Poles. Once she bled then, at the catch, and her travels stopped. As she stood, comforting her finger, she noticed that the ruby droplets had created new cities and she imagined little crimson splatter-people living there; all of them going about their Lilliputian lives. Mina had read *Gulliver's Travels* at age 9 while recovering from a dizzy spell in the hospital.

She liked the topographical map of her state the best, her Colorado, running plains to mountain range to plains, like one giant final heartbeat seen on the hospital monitors she was too familiar with. Still, the hospital visits, while frequent, were not as bad as they could have been. The nice doctors and nurses at Colorado Medical Hospital always told her that she looked like her mother.

"A regular Suzu in miniature!" they would say, "She has her mother's auburn hair." Until those comments, Mina had always thought her hair was just a sort of red-brown, and that it was her own.

Always surrounded by adults, she liked to know what they were saying, what they meant with their words, so she was happy when during one especially long stay in the ammonia-smelling hospital her father brought her a dictionary. It was one of those really big ones, one of those college ones, that was so heavy it cut into her small pale arms as she carried around.

"Just look at that girl," her favorite big black nurse would exclaim, "10 years old and readin' books as big as her head. How you going to fit all them words in that little head?"

The nurse and girl would play games while the nurse drew blood for testing, naming capitals of far away places, wondering if the Himalayas really were as pretty as their

own Rockies, choosing vacation spots based on the colors of the land – the brown for adventure, the green for relaxation, next to the blue water; even the white of the poles was better than the white of the hospital sheets and walls. The black hand gently grasped the mountain-top colored arm as the red of roads was drawn from Mina's map of veins; enough red for hundreds of roads – all coalescing in a tiny test tube.

She watched the needle pierce the skin and smiled to see the blood jaunt up into the tube. One of the doctors had shown her on one of her maps where her blood traveled to for testing. Mina thought it funny that a piece of her had traveled farther than she herself had.

At this point she still did not know why it was she would never be able to explore those places she had picked out on her maps.

Mina was 12 when it happened. One second she was mapping out her backyard, coloring in where the bushes and trees were, the next moment she was dizzy and falling, falling; it felt as if she was falling forever.

She regained consciousness in the hospital, that same room they always put her in, the Rockies outside her window watching over her protectively as always. She could hear her parents in the hall talking to her doctor – she recognized his voice – and slipped out from under the tight-fitting sheets to eavesdrop at the door. The map she had been working on was on the table next to her, half done, next to those flowers everyone always sends to those in the hospital. She paused with one foot raised. The flowers were half wilted, letting her know just how long she had been unconscious. It was longer than ever before and it scared her. Her blue bag was next to the bed and she knew, then, that she might not be home again to finish her map for a long time more.

At the sound of the voices coming towards the door she stood stock still, like a rabbit startled, map in hand and a tired look that was years older than one her age should have on her face.

Her parents and her doctor explained that she had a tumor in her brain and that it was causing the dizziness, the headaches, and the days when all she could do was blearily, wistfully, gaze out her window at home at all the other kids in Eldritch going to school. They explained how there was research being done every day and that the shots she had been getting every month were treatments. Then they explained that everything they had tried had not worked so far, and her tumor was getting bigger.

"Mina, we're sorry for keeping this from you for so long," Her mother's face held lines of worry and unshed tears, "We

just didn't want to put the burden on you."

Mina did not cry or scream. She did not break down. Her parents thought she might not fully understand the implications of her illness. Her doctor knew better. He watched as she carefully put her map in her bag and turned around again to face them, a head shorter than any of them and not likely to grow any taller. She asked, "What more is there to do?" The weariness in her voice cut into a piece of his heart that he had thought steeled against these things. He answered her as he would an adult. "There are more extreme treatments, ones that will make you feel sicker before you feel better. There will be a lot more long hospital visits, and it is likely that you will lose your hair."

"It's all right," she replied, "It was never mine anyway."

The chemotherapy was long and difficult, as promised. Mina's hair fell out and she got a wig, blond, her very own color. She read a lot in the hospital, when she felt well enough to. She couldn't always, a good deal of the time she spent in the bathroom throwing up. Those times were the only ones when the nausea abated even slightly. She would press her forehead against the cool tile floor if she was at home and know that there would be another trip soon. The unfinished map stayed in her bag as she traveled to and from the hospital and there were days she could not muster enough energy to even look out the window at her Rockies, her heartbeat. Then it was over.

She clutched her blue bag in her lap as her father drove them home from their last trip to the hospital. She was still weak, but she was stable. The cancer was in remission, though not gone. She was 15 and had been told, plainly, that she might see 25 or 30. That was plenty of time to get some traveling done. The house and the yard had not changed much over the past 3 years of going back and forth from the hospital to home to the hospital again. At this, she was glad. She got out of the car, carefully pulled her map out of her bag, and finished it as an airplane from Denver International Airport flew overhead.

Hope Springs from Fall Classic

MATTHEW QUILLEN

I love baseball. To me, it's a game filled with magic, wonder and heartache.

I love baseball. To me, it's a game filled with magic, wonder and heartache. Baseball is the only sport that could have made the movie "The Natural" work. Roy Hobbs could not have been shot in the gut by a mysterious woman as a young prospect and then return years later as a middle-aged basketball player. He couldn't sit in a hospital bed and be told that the same bullet from all those years ago could kill him if he played again, then look into Glen Close's eyes and say, "God, I love hockey." Baseball can make you believe in anything. Even in the Red Sox. Even in yourself.

2004 was one of the best years in Boston Red Sox history. It was not such a good year for me. As the team that I have loved ever since I knew what baseball was began their run to a championship, my life began a downward spiral. For starters, I was a whale. I was a large man. Now while I had never been a small man, I had never been this BIG. Since 2000, I had put on over 80 pounds. Oddly enough, this was the same time frame that I had been with my girlfriend/roommate. I believe the term is comfort food.

While the Red Sox were getting off to a hot start in April, posting a 15-6 win-loss record, I decided I needed to curb my balloon-like swelling. It was low carb diet time. Two weeks in, the program was going well and I was seeing results. Then, as I was eating at a restaurant one night, sitting by the bar enjoying a sirloin, broccoli and a bourbon and diet coke, I noticed my heartbeat was not right. Turns out, if you've had heart problems before (which I had), you've got to be real careful about the diet you choose.

Baseball is a sport of losing. In baseball, the best teams lose 60+ times a year. The best hitters only get a hit three out of ten at-bats. Relating to a loser was easy for me. The Red Sox were making it really easy, posting a 27-28 record for May and June. During this time, it became clear that my four-year relationship with my girlfriend was over. We had been having our differences for a while. The only thing we seemed to agree on was that neither one of us could stand to be around me. I spent my time just lying around, because that's what a beached sea mammal does, and she spent all her free time away from me. I met her friends, they were nice if you like hanging around with people who play with guns and knives while drunk and talk about skinning cats. Since I wasn't a fan of these hobbies, I suggested she find new friends to hang out with till 4 a.m. every morning. Some people take constructive criticism better than others.

A funny thing happened in July.

Not in my life, my life still had that "I can't get my head above water" feeling about it. A funny thing happened to the Red Sox. One of those moments that you look back on and realize that it was the beginning of what was to come. It had looked like July would be another subpar month for them. Then one day, somebody lit a fuse under my team. That somebody was the New York Yankees.

The Yankees-Red Sox rivalry is second to none in sports. Just ask any knowledgeable Sox fan about Babe Ruth and you'll understand why. On July 24, 2004, the Sox were playing the Yankees in Boston. With the Yankees ahead, their star player, Alex Rodriguez, tried to pick a fight with the Sox catcher, Jason Varitek, after being hit by a pitch. Not a good idea since Varitek was wearing body armor. After A-Rod got a face full of catcher's mitt, both benches cleared. Players were kicked out of the game, order was restored, and the Yanks went on to take a 9-4 lead. The Sox climbed back into the game to make it 9-8. The Yanks added an insurance run, and the Sox went into the ninth inning trailing 10-8. Enter Mariano Rivera. The Yankees ace closer had not lost a lead in his last 23 opportunities. Add to that the Yankees were 56-0 in games they led after the eighth inning. A double, a fly-out and a single later the Sox were down 10-9 with third basemen Bill Mueller up and a man on first. On a 3-1 pitch, Mueller crushed the ball over the right field wall for an 11-10 walk-off win. Fans went ballistic as Mueller was mobbed by his teammates when he crossed home plate.

In August, the Sox went on an amazing run, posting a 21-6 record for the month. Oh, and my girlfriend broke up with me. Let the healing begin! She couldn't afford to move out till December. Let the awkwardness begin!

September came with the Sox and me both doing better. They were winning; I was going out in public. Then, at a friend's birthday party, I decided it would be funny to tackle a guy who was carrying around a football. At 3 a.m. with a few drinks in me, this made sense. I grabbed him, he stepped on my foot, I fell down one way, my foot bent back the other way. Any hope that it was a sprain evaporated when I woke up with what looked like that same football colored a nice shade of purple attached to the bottom of my leg.

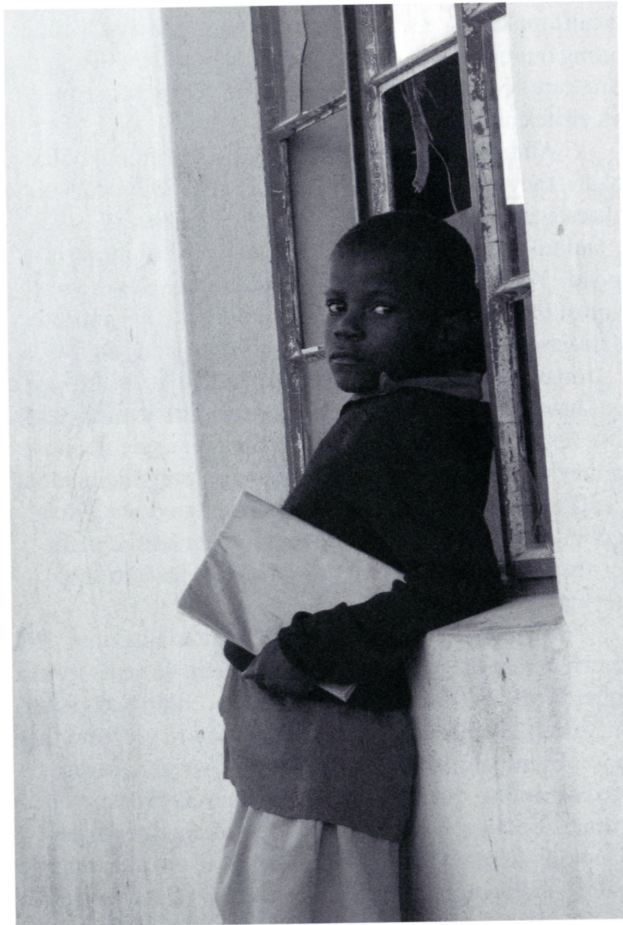
While not uncommon, a broken foot can decrease your already low self-esteem when you are so out of shape you can't make it to the bathroom on your crutches without running out of breath. It also doesn't help when the one taking care of you is your recent ex who is now someone else's girlfriend.

After the Sox rolled through the first round of the playoffs, they again came face-to-face with the New York Yankees, with the winner going to the World Series. Since I was laid up with my foot, I went to stay with my mom and stepdad. Watching the games with them ended up being the most therapeutic thing I could have done. My mother, a Massachusetts native and the reason I'm a Red Sox fan, is the strongest person I know. My stepdad, Mike, is the best man I have ever met. They have faced adversity most of us will never go through and came out the other side stronger. Together we watched the Red Sox exorcise every demon and curse as they became the first team to ever go down 3-0 in a best-of-seven series and come back to win four straight. They beat the Yankees. Sometimes you just have to keep believing.

It's easy to say you believe in the Red Sox now. Not so much before the '04 season. It took them 86 years to win another World Series. When they won it, I didn't get better immediately. I still had a long, bumpy road to get from then to now. Eventually my foot healed. I lost weight. My ex moved on and so did I. I stopped feeling sorry for myself all the time. Looking back now, I can see where that started. I was looking for anything to believe in. A team, after decades of falling short, came through. For them it all started with A-Rod, Varitek, and a catcher's mitt. I had one of those funny things happen too. I had a moment where I can say that was the beginning of things to come. Something lit a fuse under me. Something gave me hope.

River of Life School- Gugu's Story

ERICKA BENNETT



*Swaziland Schoolboy
Erika Bennett*

Squatter Camp - Manzini, Swaziland

It was less than a mile outside the city, but the moment I stepped into the squatter camp I felt a world away from anything civilized. The stench of human waste and rotting garbage was inescapable; I began to think we'd arrived at the city dump. This could not be a place where people lived! A few steps farther and dilapidated structures surrounded me, made from mud and sticks, or remnants of tin, plastic, or cardboard – they barely resembled what I would call a building. "The tool sheds back home are more stable!" I thought to myself as we continued through camp, searching for the "River of Life" school.

Where could a 'River of Life' be in this place? As my group continued through camp, I couldn't help but wonder. 'Life' was not a word that came to mind, as I looked around at a place so devoid of beauty. I was overwhelmed at the poverty surrounding me. Approximately 46% of the people in Swaziland are infected with AIDS, and I was in the midst of the most poor and desperate among them. 'Death', 'hopelessness', and 'despair'; these were the words I was contemplating...

And then I met her.

She was teaching the children when we walked into the room, with purpose and passion. Instantly I sensed they both loved and respected her. It wasn't long until I understood why.

Her name is Gugu, and she started the River of Life School. Full of childlike faith and infectious laughter, she easily captivates everyone around her. She loves to tell stories, especially about how God is at work in the children at school. Her eyes sparkle when she talks, but behind them

lie wisdom that easily surpasses her age and schooling. Her passion is contagious; her attitude inspiring. Life surrounds her.

It was never Gugu's intention to start a school, only a Bible Club, which she began in 1999. Then, in 2003, she made a horrific discovery. "When we began," she said, "they were doing sexual abuse among them. Then I asked them, 'Why?! How could we stop this?' They said, 'We are at home – we are not at school – so we even do it during the daytime.' So I asked them, 'If I start a school, will you stop this?' And they said 'Yes', so I started a school."

In a place of death, hopelessness, and despair, Gugu sought to give hope. She made it her mission to give the children around her a future, and she set to work. In a country with no government funding for education, schooling is impossible for children in poverty. School fees usually cost around \$175 US dollars – about 1,225 South African Rand. Gugu's River of Life School, however, doesn't even require one Rand. "There are no fees," Gugu told me. "At first, I asked them for just 10 Rand. Only 10 Rand (approximately \$1.30 US dollars)...but they couldn't even raise 10 Rand. Then I decided, 'I'm not going to quit because of that, as long as the children are raised up in a way that tomorrow, they could be somebody.'"

And so, she didn't quit. Starting with 103 students in one room, she began to teach. They didn't have desks at first, so the children used a door laid across some bricks. Because of their troubled home lives, she dealt with violence among the children in the beginning but since has taught them commitment and discipline. "This is a deal between me and the children," said Gugu. "They want to come. I have no problems with them now. Before, they were like animals – fighting and all those things – but now, those things have stopped. They want to come. Even in the rain and the cold they will come. Now I know if I die, commitment has been taught into their lives."

Commitment has definitely been taught into their lives, along with Life Skills, English, Math, SiSwati (the language of Swaziland), Social Science, and Religious Studies. Of the first 103 students, more than 20 have gone on to attend

schools in the city because they learned their basics at River of Life. Of the 22 current students there, the older class (10 to 16 years old) stood and shared their testimony with us. We heard again and again, "When I came here, I couldn't read or even write my name. Now I can read books, and write, and learn. And now I can read my Bible... and now I am a Child of God."

These were the words of the students we met at River of Life. These were the words that told us what they'd learned, but they were the same words that taught me something extraordinary. Gugu's school doesn't stop at the basics. It's so much more than any curriculum; it is a place where these forgotten children learn respect, kindness, and compassion. It is a place where they find life, hope, and a future. It is a place where they see the love of God. In the midst of the death that surrounds them, it is their River of Life.

As we walked back through the refuse and out of the squatter camp, I took one last look around. I was still in a horrific place – poverty stricken and crumbling around the poor souls living there. In my last glance I still knew this was a place of much death, hopelessness, and despair. But today, I had learned something astounding at Gugu's school. Today I learned that our God brings life where there is death, hope in the midst of hopelessness, joy in despair, and beauty in the most unexpected places.



Anne Rose in 1952

Jitterbuggin' on the Plains

Katy Donaldson and Amy LaRue

The year was 1949. The war was over, the Tigers were in their 56th football season, and Ralph Brown Draughon was the president of Alabama Polytechnic Institute. The students danced to songs like "Boogie Woogie" and "Juke Box Saturday Night." And Anne Rose was a freshman.

Dr. Anne Rose Denton graduated from Auburn University, then known as API in 1952. With a gentle voice and Southern charm, Denton talks about what life was like and what hasn't changed.

Social Scene

From playing practical jokes on freshmen to black and white dances, the social scene of the late '40s was hoppin'. Every Friday night the Auburn Knights band would play, and she and her sweetheart at the time would go hear them and dance. Anne and Bob were actually named the Auburn Knights Dancers. "We loved to dance," Denton said. "We waltzed and tangoed and did the Birmingham Hop."

The Green Lantern was one of the most popular places to go dance on the weekends. Denton said they loved it because they would eat dinner there and dance afterward.

The Trends

The girls never wore pants or blue jeans to class. "We wore dresses and skirts everyday,"

Denton said. "We loved skirts because they looked best with penny-loafers and bobby socks."

Music defined Denton's college days. Everything was catchy, and it was all made for dancing. "There was a lot of beautiful music back then," Denton says. Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin were just hitting the scene. Glenn Miller was the era's superstar. "Everything was either Glenn Miller or bands playing Glenn Miller songs," Denton said.

Back to School

Denton received her degree in Elementary Education. "My father wanted me to go to Birmingham Southern, my mother wanted me to attend Huntington," Denton said. "I wanted to go to Auburn."

Auburn at the time was an extremely unified campus. This is largely due to the enrollment of 7,000 students and the small number of cars on campus. When there was an event, everyone attended. When ODK had their cake race, for example, the guys ran while the girls watched and cheered them on.

The university even sponsored street dances in Auburn. "They held a dance at the beginning of each year to get everyone acquainted," Denton said.

Denton was in a sorority on campus, but had many friends not in her sorority. "Independents lived on the same floor with sorority girls," she said. "We didn't get into cliques."

The dorm life was also quite different. The girls had house mothers who enforced strict curfews. "The late curfew was 11 p.m.," Denton said. "If you made bad grades your curfew was at 7 p.m."

To register for classes, students would pick up



punch cards from the classes they wanted. Anne, whose maiden name was Rose, said she always had to change her classes. "They would see 'A Rose' on the envelope and think it was a joke," Denton said. "They would put me in all Horticulture classes."

There was a very close student-teacher relationship. "I had some professors that were so wonderful," Denton said. "They would sit on the benches outside and mingle with us." The students studied at home, in the library or on one of the campus lawns. "My favorite place was the benches in front of Samford Hall," Denton said. "I loved to sit there and read."

Traditions

"If there was a game in Auburn, we were there," Denton said. She loved football games, mainly, she said, because of the band. "Back then they wore capes. "They would swing out with blue and orange, and it was really pretty." All the gals and guys went to the games decked out in suits. The girls wore orange and blue chrysanthemums pinned on their lapels. "If you wore a large chrysanthemum, everyone knew you had a date," laughed Denton.

Her favorite Auburn tradition, however, is Hey

Day. "It's so friendly," Denton said. "I can't imagine that kind of friendliness everywhere."

Legacy

Denton came back to Auburn in 1976 to get her PhD. While judging a Miss Glom pageant, she had an experience that confirmed her memories of the Auburn Spirit. Denton's fellow judges were important men in and around the Auburn community. When the judges were announced, Denton was surprised when she was the only judge to receive a standing ovation. "All I ever did was raise my children and come back to school at Auburn University," she said. "That showed the spirit of Auburn, that they recognized me over the presidents and CEO's."

The classes, dances and trends were all their own. But it is still Auburn, and it is still the friendliest and loveliest village.



The War Eagle Goes to War

An excerpt from the 1943 Glomerata

Auburn—a year at Auburn—a year that held so many things that only this past year could...a year that saw our Alma Mater pass its seventieth birthday with its seventieth student body and its seventieth graduating class...a year that could be called by many names—a year that was successful for many, disappointing for some, bewildering more often than comforting—a year that we shall not attempt to evaluate, but one that must at the very least be acknowledged as different...

It is true that as each year passes and each student body lives through those days that are their's on our campus, each year seems different, each year seems unique and unforgettable...but, on a friendly, informal campus each year follows much the same leisurely course as the ones before...

Classes and labs—dances and drills—weeks of work and week-ends of play—rosy Saturday afternoons and blue Monday mornings—old faces gone and new faces appearing to replace them; all these things are the standard of life at Auburn from year to year...there are always parties to dress up for and football teams to cheer for—organizations still hold their initiations and classes turn out for elections—freshmen still shine shoes and seniors still try to act as though they were always above such tasks...

All these outward things have become the inheritance of the Auburn student, they are as much a part of Auburn as the buildings and the campus. The change at Auburn was not in the make-up of these things; it was not so much in the departure of any old customs or traditions—what was new at Auburn was the change in tempo, the awakening and the realization that the campus was not the isolated place it was once imagined...for the first time in the memory of those who made up the seventieth student body the college had become merely a means of preparation and had lost its meaning as an end in itself...

Auburn students, after the first few months of false impressions, awoke to the fact that all of

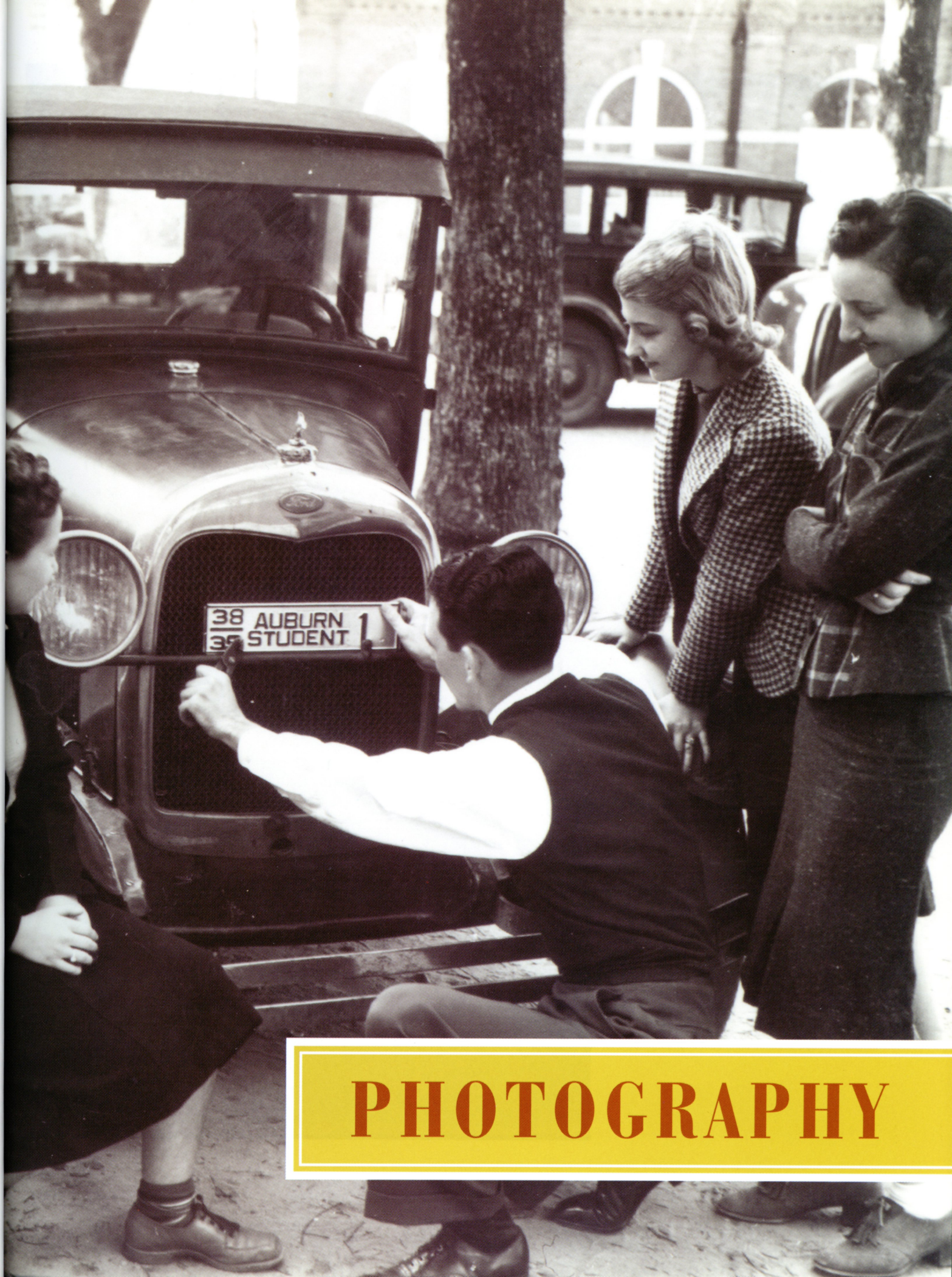
us must soon take our places in another setting—sooner than most of us had ever dreamed—the changing tempo was evidenced in nearly everything we encountered when we came back to school to start the past year...there were still dances and drills, yes, but the dances were fewer and drills came much more often—there were still the weeks and week-ends, true, but the weeks lasted longer and the week-ends were spent in town—the classes and labs were all held again, but we attended them twice as often as before...and, to all this there was added the array of new things that had never before been a part of Auburn...

The very opening date of school was new this year, so were the curricula we registered for...new grading scales—new social calendars—new physical training programs—new emphasis on military—new, new, new, until that word seemed to preface everything we faced because the college was answering a demand for speed...

And through the shortened year there were special days that will be remembered, days that marked a special year and set it apart from the others. Some were days of celebration, but most were days that sobered us and gave meaning to the rest of year—as each day passed we realized more completely what we would soon be losing and we were more determined to enjoy what time was left at Auburn...

Recall those days and you have much of the pattern of the year—the day college opened in June—the day Congress voted to draft the eighteen and nineteen year olds—the day we registered for selective service—the day we signed our applications for commissions—the day we were all assembled in the stadium to hear the announcement that R.O.T.C. and enlisted reserve were to be called to active duty...

All those days and all the activities that intervened went into another year at Auburn, and all the spirit that is always Auburn and the new spirit that came of uncertainty—all that is what is meant by “a year at Auburn”...



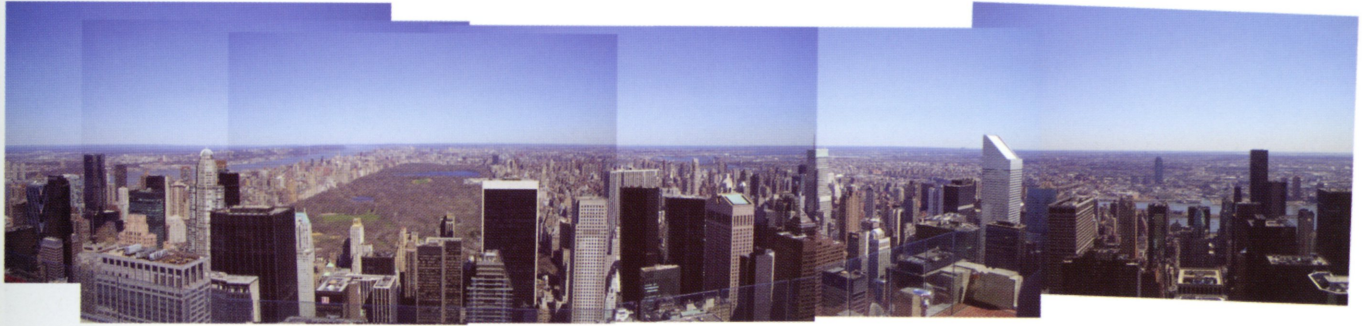
PHOTOGRAPHY

Beach Blues
Coleen Lyman

Have a Seat
Alan Dennis

Chinatown
Carrie Norton





New York Cityscape
Tyler Johnson

Pot of Gold
Michael D. Patterson



Paris
Ruth Ann Brown

A City at Night
Andrew Campbell

World on Edge
Thomas Hogelin





Blue
Becky Mercer

Napping Duck
Courtney Starr

Knarled
Amelia Denson

Billiards
Caitlin Bearden

Warped Minds
Kyle Cooper

Mind that Bus
John McIntosh





Solo Deo Gloria
Megann Gallagher

Stanway House
Andrew Campbell





Frog Day Afternoon
Michael Nelson

Stature
Alan Dennis

Pay Per View
Michael Nelson

Rose of Love
Ashley Jacobs





Little Italy
Cara Highfield

A Shadow of Hope
Erika Bennett

Paris
John McIntosh

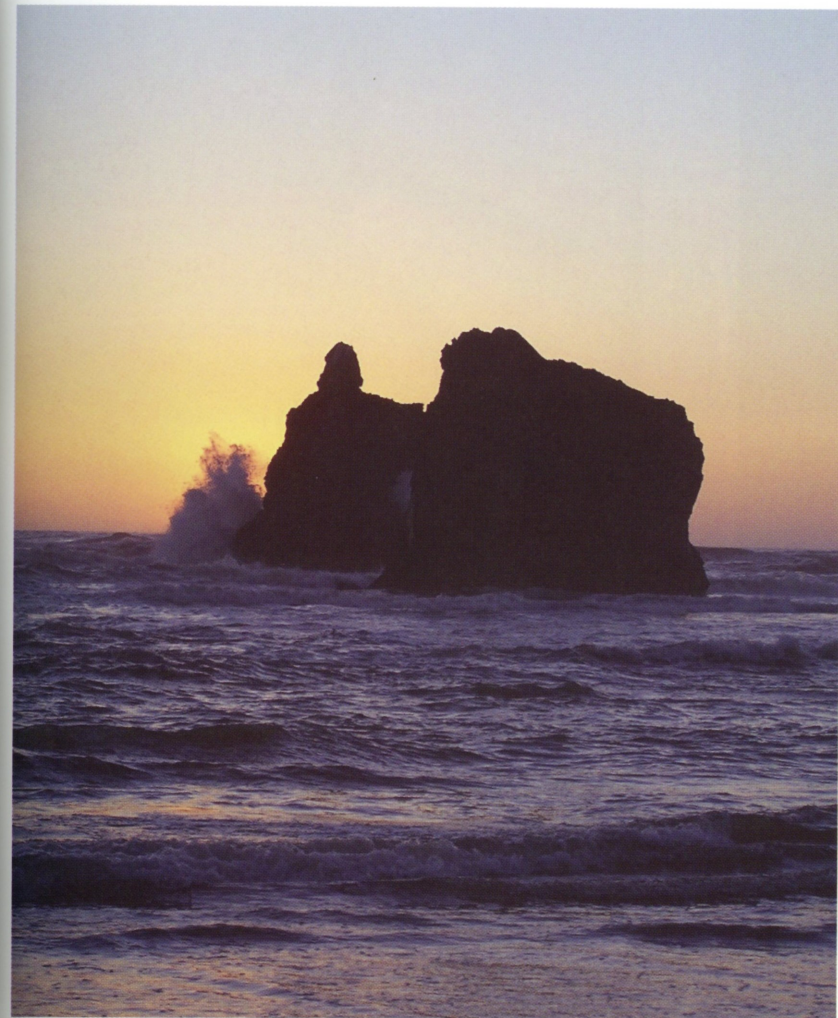


Mt. McKinley
Micah Gregg

Lost Focus
Alan Dennis

A View from the Top
Ruth Ann Brown





Beaten
Alan Dennis

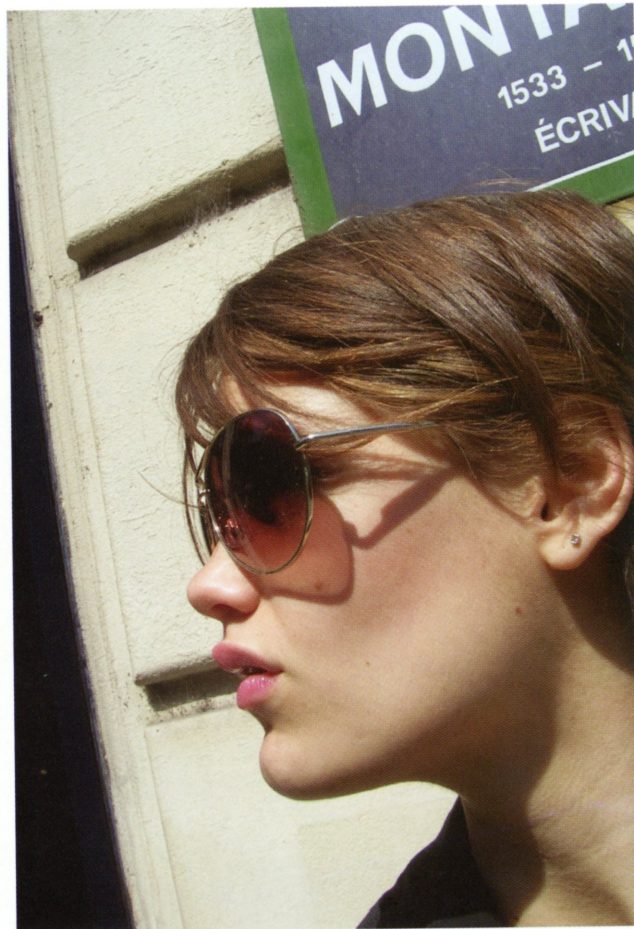
Tide Half In
Chris Susskin

High Tide
Becky Mercer

Brazilian Harbor
Caitlin Bearden



Starving Ethiopian Woman
Sally Morson



Avenue Montaigne
Ruth Ann Brown

Toomer's Corner
Michael D. Patterson





City Lights
Carrie Norton

Pound Warrior
Perryn Pettus

The Majestic
Michael Nelson



London Eye
Kyle Lechtenberg

Edinburgh
John McIntosh





Apature
Kyle Lechtenberg

Untitled
Kurt Smith





ROL Classroom
Erika Bennett

To the Skies
Lydia Cash

Baseball
Rebecca Lakin





Untitled
Kurt Smith

Darrell
Morgan Thrasher

Uncle Bill's Workshop
Ellen Richardson



Hyrobelisk
Alan Dennis

Reflections of a Pickle
Andrew Campbell

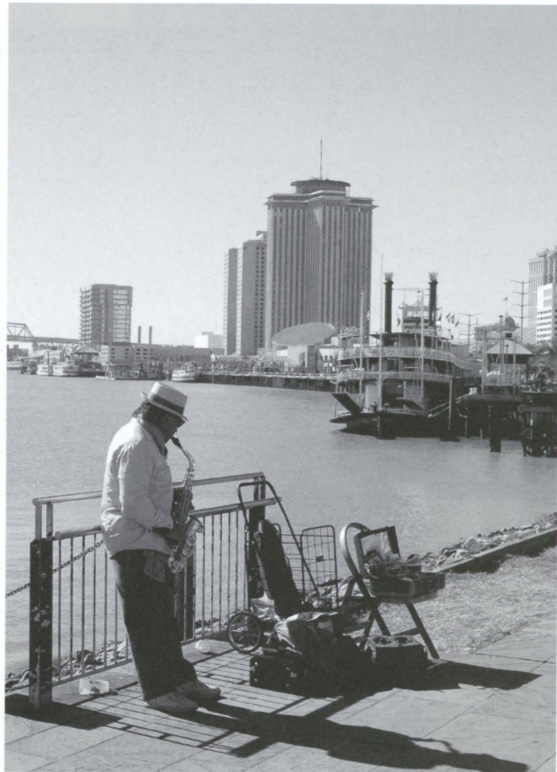
Commute
John McIntosh

Covent Garden
Katy Donaldson

View of Florence
Janna Joehl

Mississippi Jazz
Carsson Davis



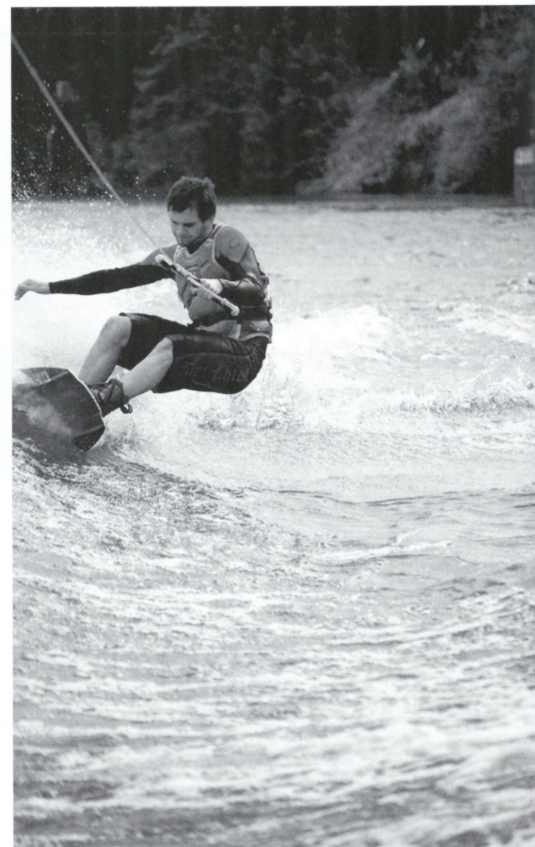




Star Ferry
Carrie Norton

CliffsFlow
Carson Davis

Untitled
Courtney Starr





Rush Hour in London Town
Andrew Campbell

Shopping Day
Carrie Norton

Tube Tunes
John McIntosh



Mirth
Germari de Villiers

Cater Rail
Kevin Johnson

The Bricklane Life
Andrew Campbell



P.O. Box 10101

I wish to stay in dear General
Where everything is the same
And Everything is as it should be
Because no one's got no one to blame

In General, the preachers live in top houses
With the sunroofs and the nice days
In order to prove to the world, for a fact,
That the Lord's in a might big way

In General, the apples all stay green
And the baseball hats stay white
The ladies do their sewing on Thursdays
The men, their readings by barber shop light

Yes, I'd love to stay in sweet General
Where all the children are well dressed
The lamps in their posts stay shining all night
And the cherries stay ruby for
the big Cherry Fest

Oh I begged to stay in kind General
And they said that I could for a year
Until one fine night so very far from now,
With the crickets all chirping and the
daisies all bowed
I'll hear softly, "Go to sleep, young one, for
your deathbed is now...."

CHLOE HOBODY

Professor Haikus

I. Science

glasses like bug eyes
enters twitching, stunned by light
formulas sedate

II. Architecture

organic process
rooted in distant rich soil
un-cut life circle

III. Literature

sexuality
deep study—restrained passion
body words bring blush

IV. Economics

accurate judgment
sturdy lines numbers bring risk
plain useful garments

V. Music

measured baroque joy
unpolished external drapes
deep thought, whispered strength

VI. Journalism

newspaper grey blends
insightful opinions soft
eyes skin color merge

VII. Philosophy

energy curses
high-pitched humanist, endears
takes offense to God

JACOB SMITH

After the Sailor Drowned

*"He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and
unknown."*

– George Gordon Byron

I fell in love with Poseidon,
That dark-haired lord of the sea;
Vast broken glass and sky of soot;
Silence...he called to me.

I set sail on that fateful morn',
The blackest day of all;
It mattered not a fool I was,
I only heard his call.

He shook the earth and horses bowed,
I trembled in his wake,
Mover of land and barren sea,
My life did I forsake!

I new I shouldn't heed his pull,
His deeply whispered song,
But my heart had gone beneath
With another, sunk so long.

And so my ship dropped to the floor;
Cold darkness of the deep,
Then I breathed in his lover's mead
And laid me down to sleep.

Allotted were you with two-fold berth;
Exalted, hailed, and praised,
And from the love I fell into
My sunken ship you raised!

My wedding night spent in wet arms
With others, long past dead,
Strewn on a shore of rock and foam,
You cradled my cold head.

Be kindly in heart, O blessed one!
Be wary whom you save.
For those you don't, like I, dark lord
Shall find their wedding grave!

ANNA ELMORE

Clock

Sounds whiz past my ears,
But I hear nothing,
Nothing but the ticking clock.
My life has become a kind of daze;
A fast-forwarding of a still frame.
A loud world, mute to my ears.
I am too busy to stop,
And too bored to care.
Too consumed by the ticking clock.
I am a selfish lover
In a worried calm,
Drowning out the sounds of life,
Only to hear the ticking clock
No time to love, no time to live.
The clock consumes me,
The ticks memorize.
And my life is spent before it began,
Wasting not a minute of the ticking clock.

JESSICA VANCE

Concerto Amour

I remember the first time I wrote a love song.
I was 17 and she was about a soprano. I
Tuned it up with a quick flick of the pegs
And it fell down like rain and hit the basin
With a soft snare roll. She hopped right in
To the rhythm of a syncopated half-step, but I wasn't
Too scared. I remember neither of us being much
For libretto (except that she'd heard an aria once)
But when we dove into one another it came right
Along, first with a few grace notes but then with
Some density. I saw the music she bore run
Along her legs and cross the shower floor and flow
Into staves. It tripped up a melody and bounded down
To the delta rouge Louisiana coda through the 12-bar
Blues. She was 16 and I was about a tenor – we made
Quite a vocal pair, a cappella at times without the
Instrumental flair. But as I recall nothing could
Compare to the swell of the strings and the
Blast of the brass, the tempest of the woodwinds
And the CrASh!!! slow tympani roll and the love
That strolled down her cheek to her chin and
Dotted off on her breast. Yes, I remember the
Last time I wrote a love song.

DOUGLAS LARUE

The Bottom of my Trousers Rolled

This is the first day. Dawn.
The dawn of all my hell-bent hopes
and dreams and fears and thoughts;
it is too difficult.
Can I even try?
Should I?
Plato in his Republic calls
and asks me to see
what I have missed.
The things I should have done.
The games I won, undone.
Then the day ends. Night.
I am full of fright,
fright that someone will find
this poem and force others
to know its worth.
Is there meaning? No.
Go watch a TV show.

KENNETH JACKSON

Preparing the Sauce

We were slicing red peppers
in the kitchen
I asked,
“Do you believe in god?”

You said,
“I have no idea
how much garlic to use,”
and wiped the tiny seeds
from your blade.

JONATHAN JONES

Looking Forward

I miss the freedom of being wrong.
Childish comfort from questions that have answers,
and the simple asking.
Calling creatures by made-up names,
not looking for recognition.
Needing only books and sugar.
Curiosity embraced, never a hassle.
No drama beyond the playground.
Blackmailed for lunch money your crisis,
and not being chosen your tragedy.

Who is the voice paid to tell me it is never enough?
Was there an audition?
Assurance to be without constant question now missing.
Fucking question and worry,
seeing it drowning us easily.
Stop planning and live. Play and be.
Finding a way to need no proof.

Age the messenger of so many things.
You are beautiful without make up. Hell, without clothes.
Gravity is a force with a record not worth fighting.
Self-control less important than self-recognition.
Knowing you will always make it because of those notches.
Faith surprisingly disloyal.
The chocolate will not make you happy,
and the sex does not equal affection.
Knowing both will do in a pinch.

Friends now strangers barely recognizable,
and strangers more welcome than ever.
So many discoveries pointed out by so many souls.
Multitudes of blessings in packages unexpected.
Knowing peace may be an unattainable concept,
but love is abundant.
Knowing pain is the precursor to all that is ultimately
worthy.
Real joy behind broken glass, not smiles.

LISA S. LIVELY

Springtime in Auburn

As I sit upon the porch swing
Eyes closed bathing in the high sun
The wind gently pushes the swing
And brings with it the smell of spring

My unseeing world darkness
Wishing to see the cause
I look up to the skies and see
My golden light surrounded
By a gentle and majestic cloud
Traveling to unknown destinations

The cloud passes on, revealing my sun
Shining down its tender warmth
Drawing my attention to the soft auburn earth
Where new life surrounds me

All around, I see flowers that have bloomed
To show off its beauty
Colors of Crimson Red, Lemon Yellow, Golden Orange,
Blinding Pink, Royal Blue, and Peaceful White
Yet with them the plentiful New Green grows too
Each color brings my heart excitement and delight

Those who attend to the flowers
Fly with purpose to the hidden sweets
They dance to spring's tune
While birds in the unseeing air fly in joy
And squirrels play tag in the trees

With my ears I hear spring's music
Sweet, gentle, and fast like butterfly wings
All these things make my heart swell
Swell with happiness and life
I am content to be here
Swinging with the wind
Sharing my novel life with others.

SARAH JO TURRITTIN

And so it is...

Purple sighs release in backbiting volume against the fighting voices. In the grey matter. Split decision in this moment in time and its bittersweet absence of words. Learning to be free in the monochromatic, making sense as the lens twists into focus. You move from my mind to my stomach.

She walks on sponges as she goes, and the forgotten emerges. Broken patience in a caffeinated sleep. Explosions of thought. Drinking to remember and sleeping to forget. The dearth of what was and the spectacle of my own flamboyant presentation of who I am.

Sharp angles gain magnitude as soft whispers of integrity smear. Inconsistent ticks and groans indicate a lack of concern for another. As thoughts expand like branches, ill nourished and grid-locked. Individuality is as common as a lonesome blade of grass. And so it is.

Still, the ray dissipates as the blue mass swallows, engulfed in a brief moment of glory. Syllables retreat as a wave into the sea and we are left with our own cigarette butts. Fire gone, ashes washed away. It seems the shadows cannot exist without the light. And so they are not.

ERICA MOTE

Of Rain and Things

I am not yet a full day
When the rain begins to wet the roof above me
I can hear it slide, shoving
Its way to the path that leads to only more of itself
And more of its brothers
Senseless, kind-hearted rain
That I can taste when my lips are open
Smiling quietly because of the feeling
But also because it is still morning
My hair is wet with the rain
So I flip it up behind my ears
Too tired to slip away from
The urgency, tendencies of the rain
Ulcers awaken inside my mouth
For the fortieth time that day
But the family of gold and blue
Takes no heed
How I wish for a silence
From the incessant rain
Which counts down my remaining seconds
With its cack-cack-cack and drum-drum-drum
Tired, I close my eyes until I awake
One more moment

One more day

And the rain is friendly again

CHLOE HOBDY

Wishing Well

I bought a wishing well
With the change
In my pocket.
Thought I'd ask it
What it felt like
To make everyone's dreams come true.

And I hoped he could tell
Me a worthy exchange
For the money in my pocket.
I threw a second coin into the pit
And waited for it to strike,
Then I asked what he knew

About the lives of those
Who had come before me.
I asked him
Who walked away
With the biggest smile,
The longest stride,
The most pride.

As the water level rose,
He answered my plea
And spoke of them
Full of anguish and dismay
But seemingly grateful for my guile.
He said he had tried
But none were satisfied.

I bought a wishing well
And filled it
With my dreams
As it filled itself
With sadness;
He told me it hurt
to give everything for nothing.

TAYLOR ALMOND

Exit Seraphim

Count your dead and lie them out in neat lil' rows
shrunk wax memories of who they once were
Don't remember us as we lie here
our bodies frail and numb.
Stop! Halt! No!
Jumprope games for yesteryears,
it all ends today.
Stop your dreams, my innocent child
nightmares begin with the barrel of a gun
One day we'll all play games again
and harbor our childish dreams
of freedom and equality (whatever that means)
For now put away your hopes
lock them safe and tight
your nightmare has begun.
The youth of a nation, neglected and abused
Beautiful homes give way to barbed wire fences
There's no escaping the Nazi care package
Great heros and little peasants
we all end the same,
fallen upon the same cart of death,
praying the Earth will accept our slaughtered lambs
Please tell me that they didn't die for naught

HEATHER-ANN SCHAEFFNER

The Back Alley Door

Of shows and shows,
And I can't see your face
Above or beyond the white emeralds of the spotlights
Gleaming up, lifting me up
I can't believe that you drove
This way, even without the lights on
In your truck
But it was your choice, not mine

The curtains spill their red ruby blood
As we stand transfixed into the mass
"Places!" "Places!" of people and words
Come, eyes in my head
Let us rehearse and rehearse and
What do I do with you even if I wanted to?

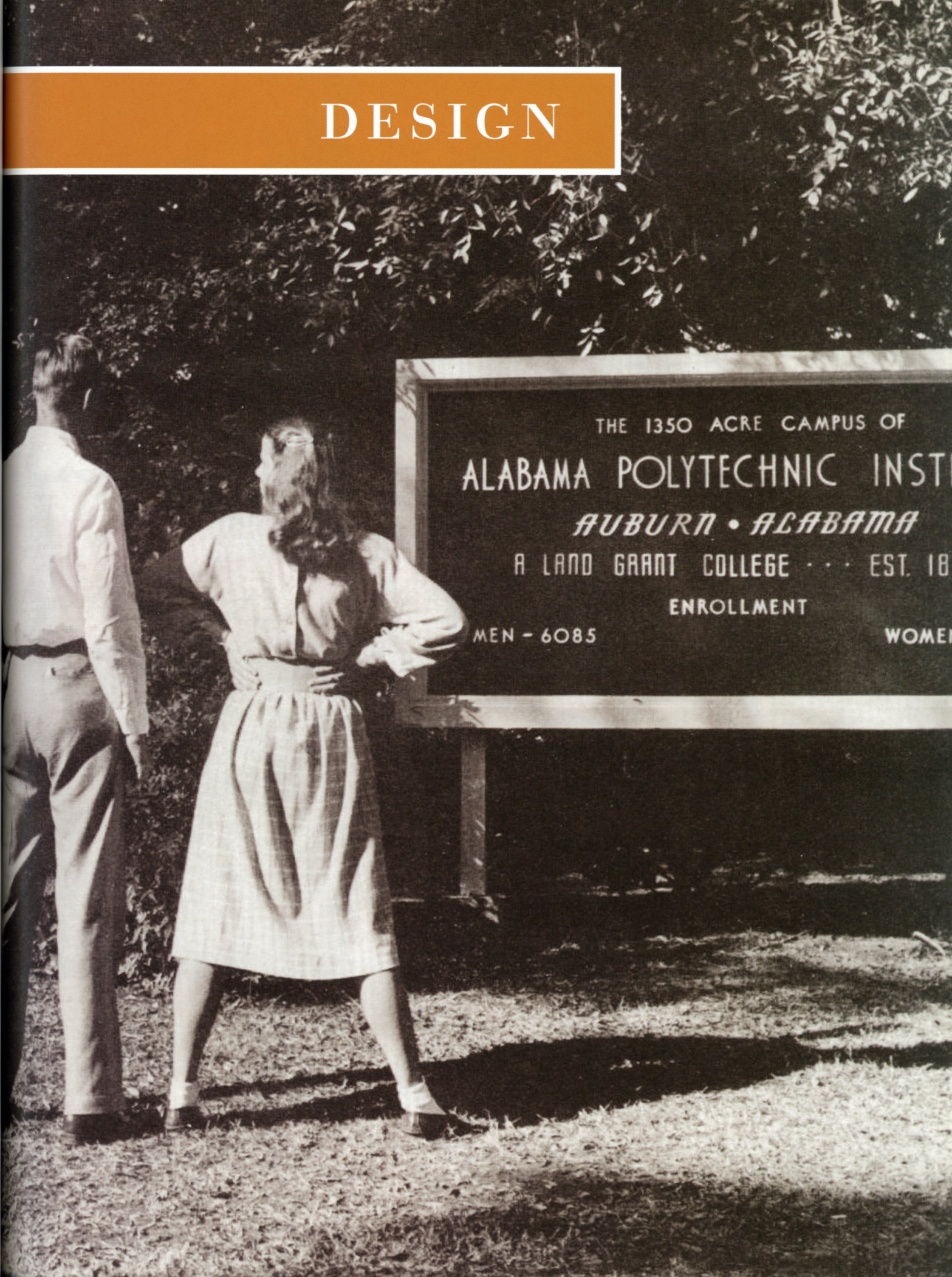
Lightening and speed and time stopping
In the doorway to say goodbye to me
Positions are set in their final blows
What's my next line to the actors, or
Is it my next lie to you?
Sitting in the front row
Looking all spiffy in your Sunday best because,
After all, it *is* a matinee

Of concerts and rejections,
Capes are sold and tatters mended
The masks replaced that hang
By the red stage door
But mine stays the same
Because it is the same one you see
When I walk out the back alley door stiffly

But it was your choice, not mine

CHLOE HOBDY

DESIGN



THE 1350 ACRE CAMPUS OF
ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INST
AUBURN • ALABAMA

A LAND GRANT COLLEGE . . . EST. 18

ENROLLMENT

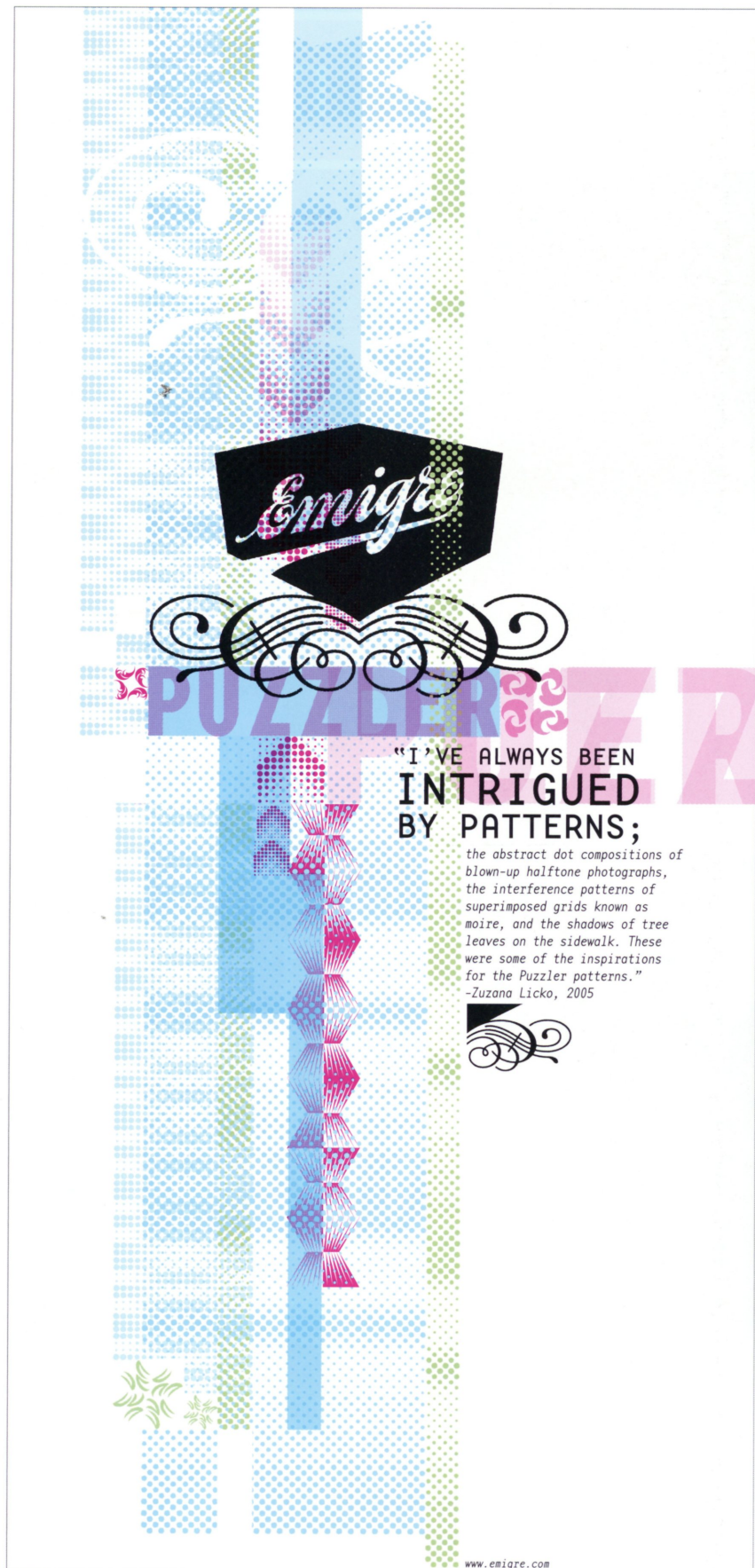
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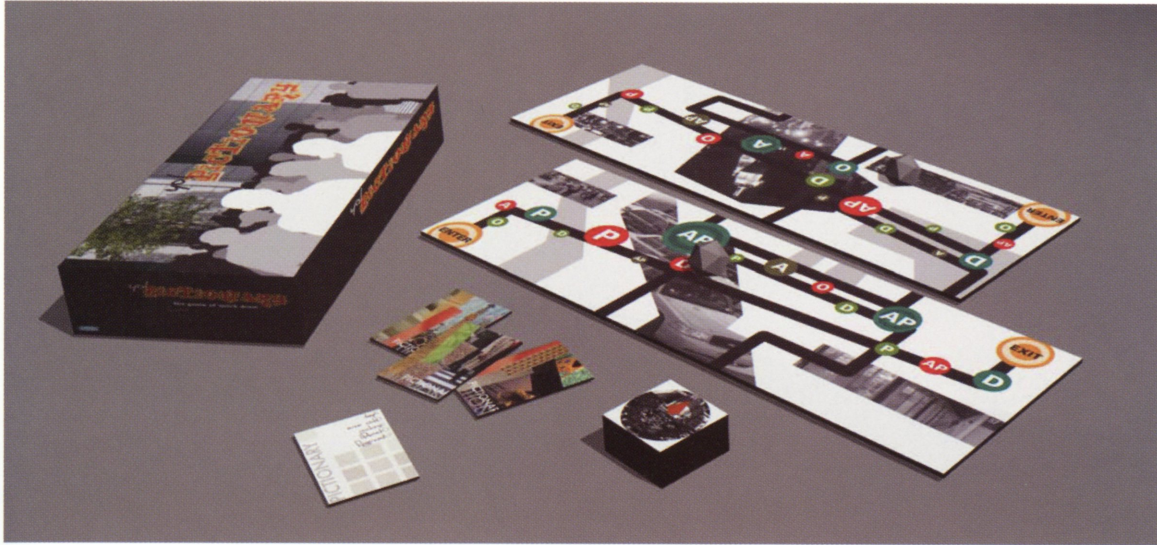
WOMEN

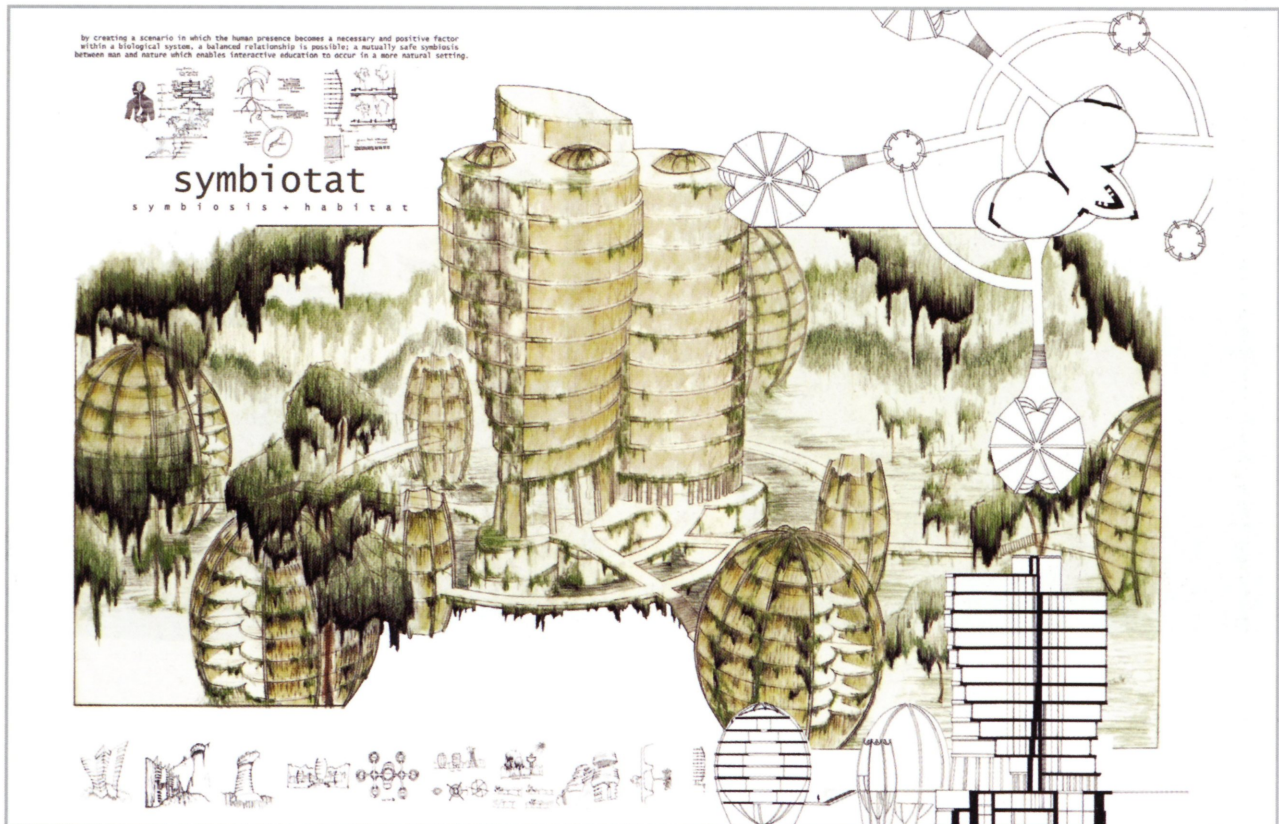
Emigre Font Promotion Poster
Ellen Richardson

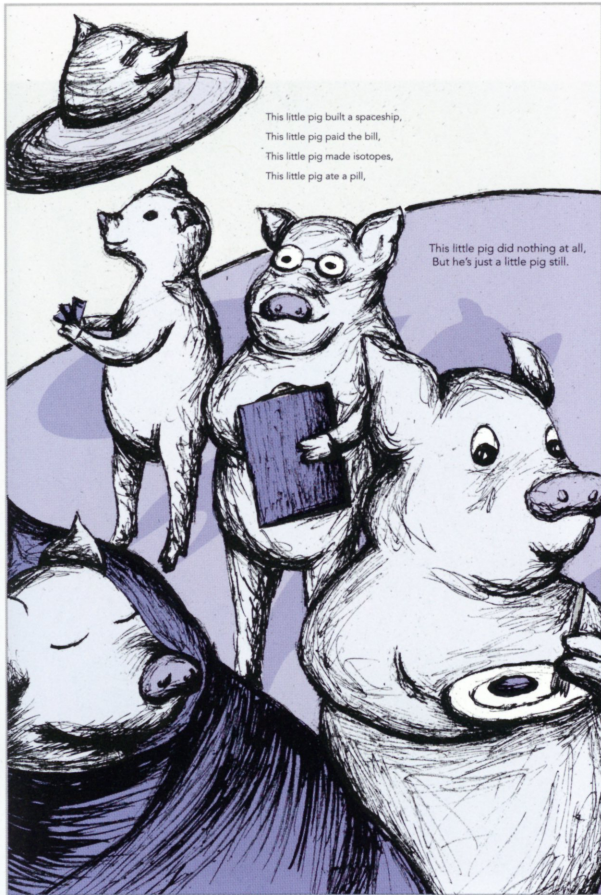
Yo Pictionary
Elizabeth Wilbourne

Think Green 1
Think Green 2
Laura Goehring









Discover
Courtney Starr

Symbiotat
John Middleton
Cem Sihan Kayatekin

Little Pigs
Amy Smith

Starr Boards Custom skateboard
Courtney Starr

Cokelage
Kevin Johncon



Fashion Project
Holly Skinner



Fashion Project
Caroline Akin

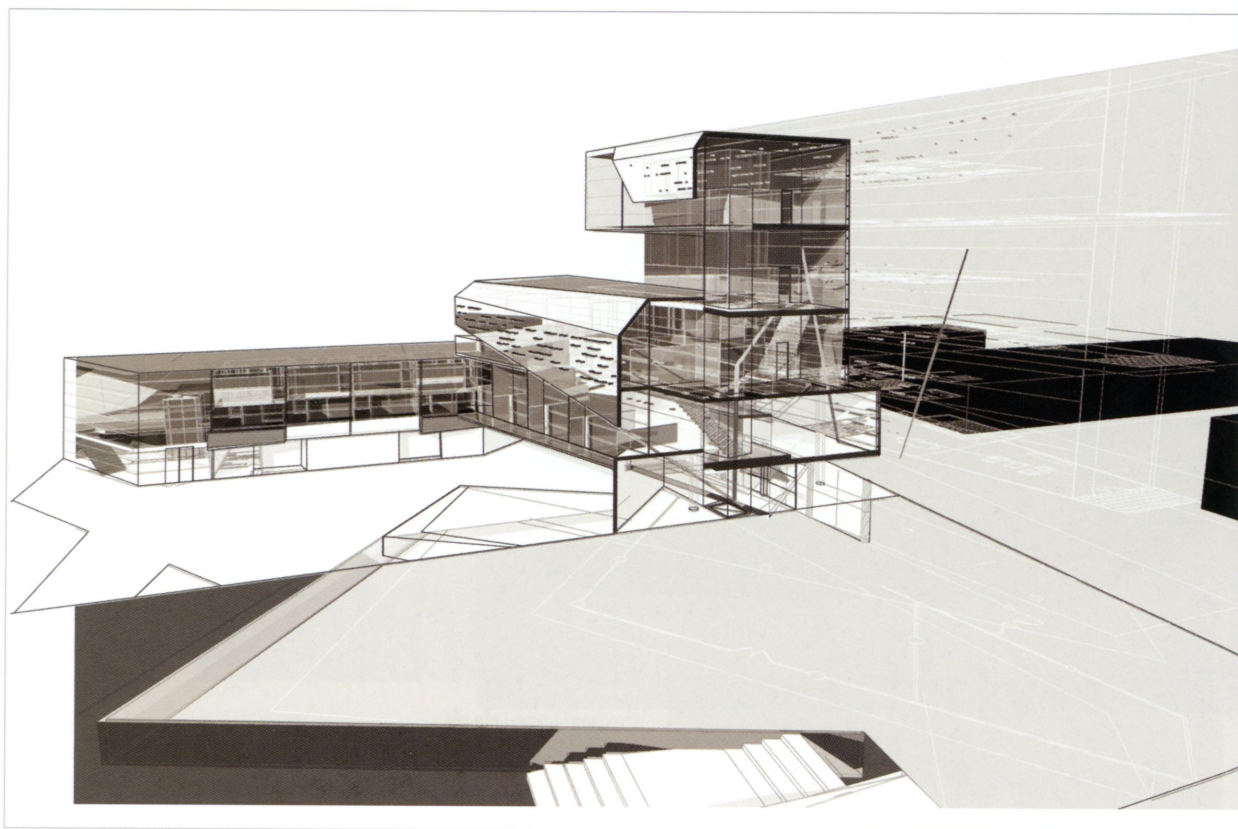


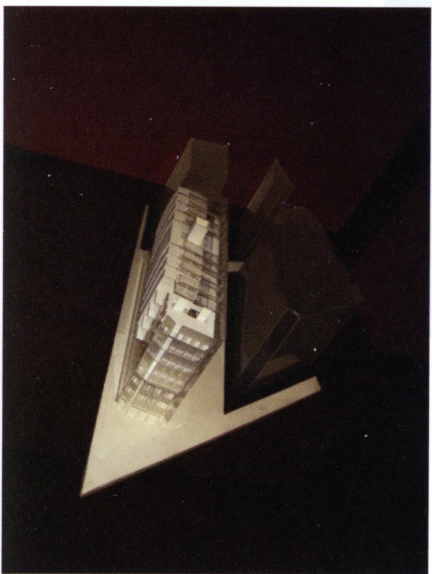
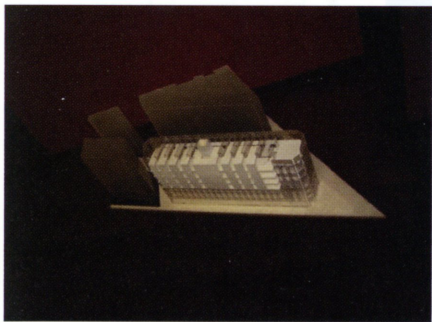
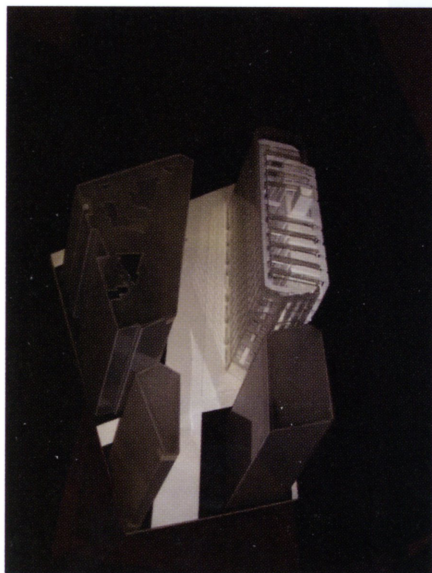


Tarred & Feathered
Courtney Harper

Bricks
Tyler Johnson

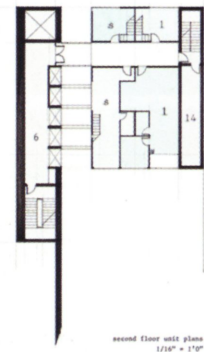
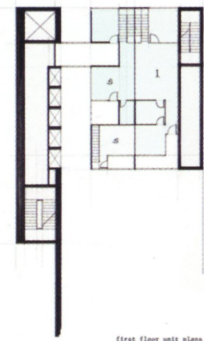
Perspective
Christian Ayala



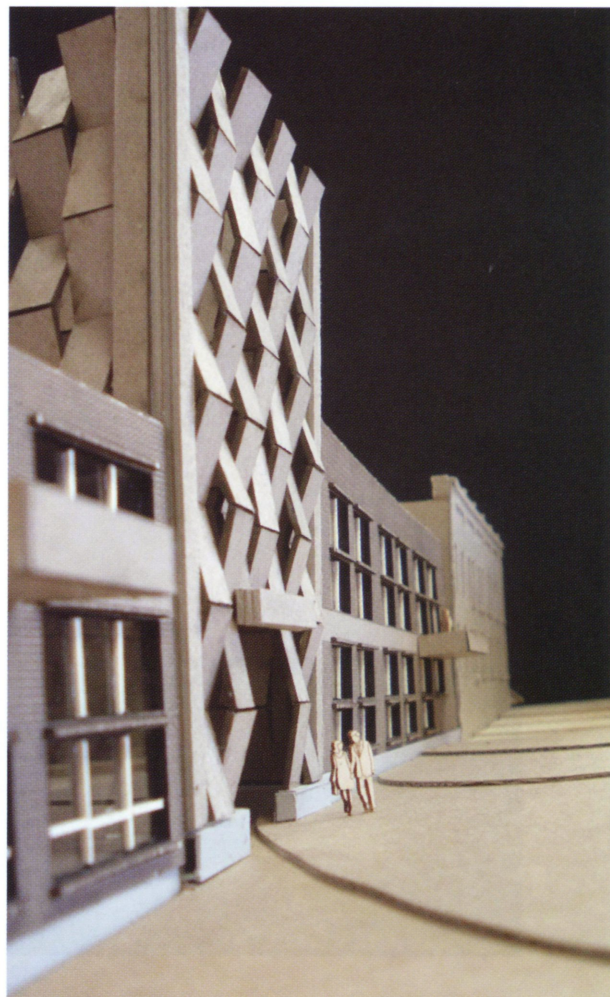
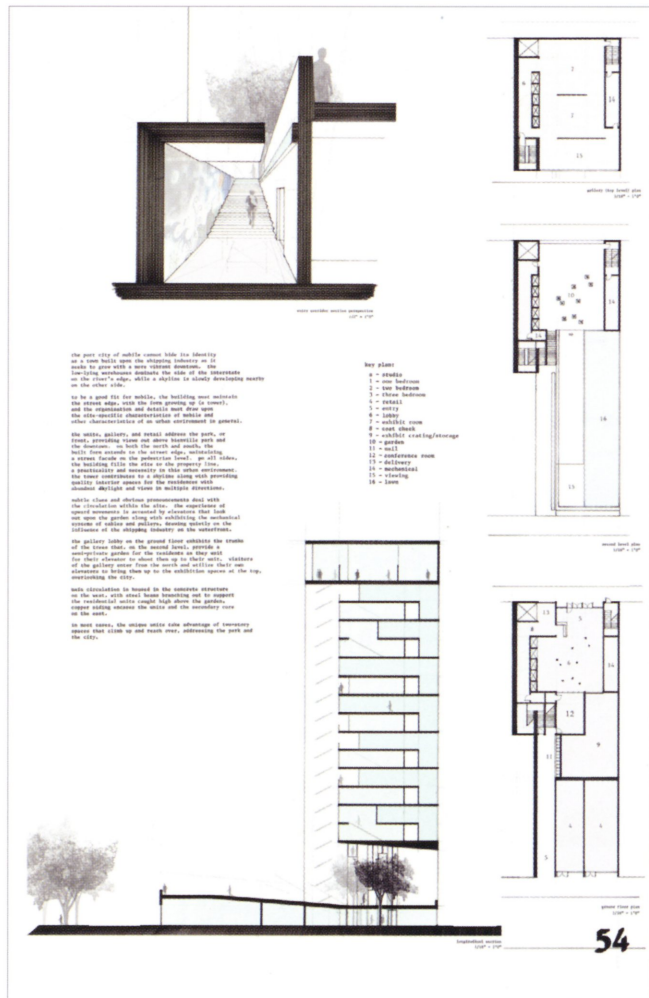


*Mediatheque
La Vie de Bohème
in Paris*

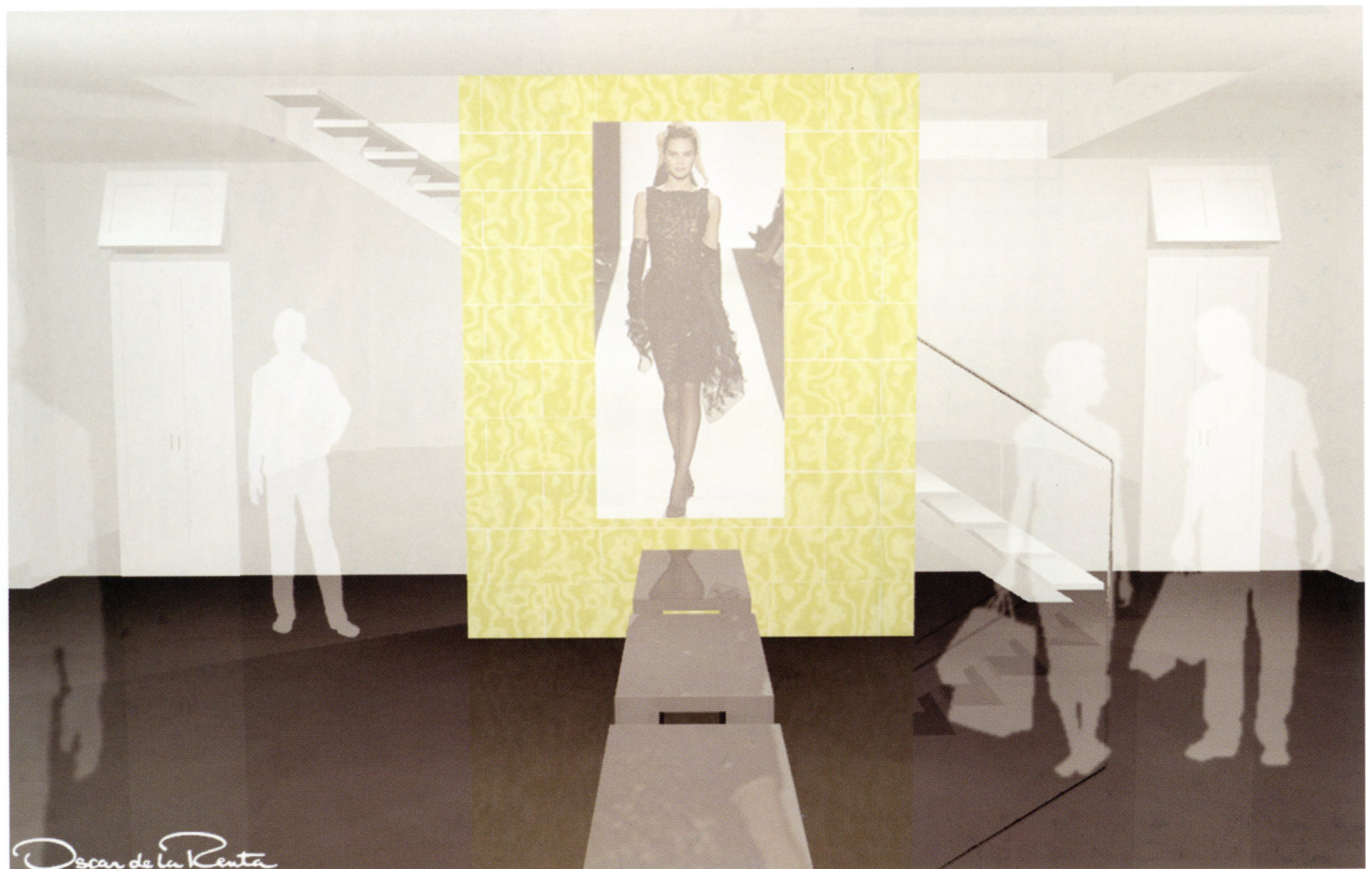
Bohemian Mediatheque
Sean Carter

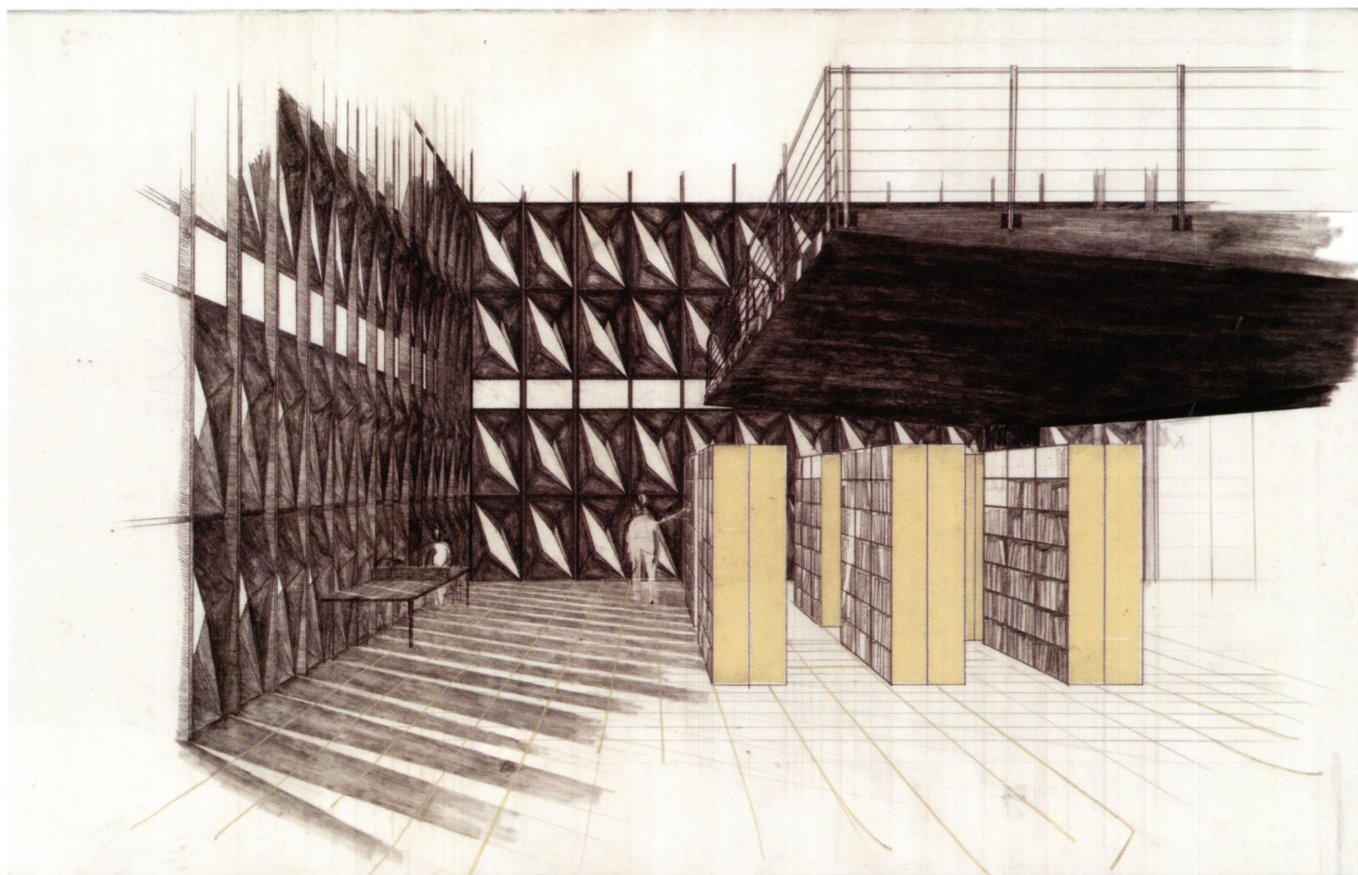


Mobile Housing Design Samuel Bassett



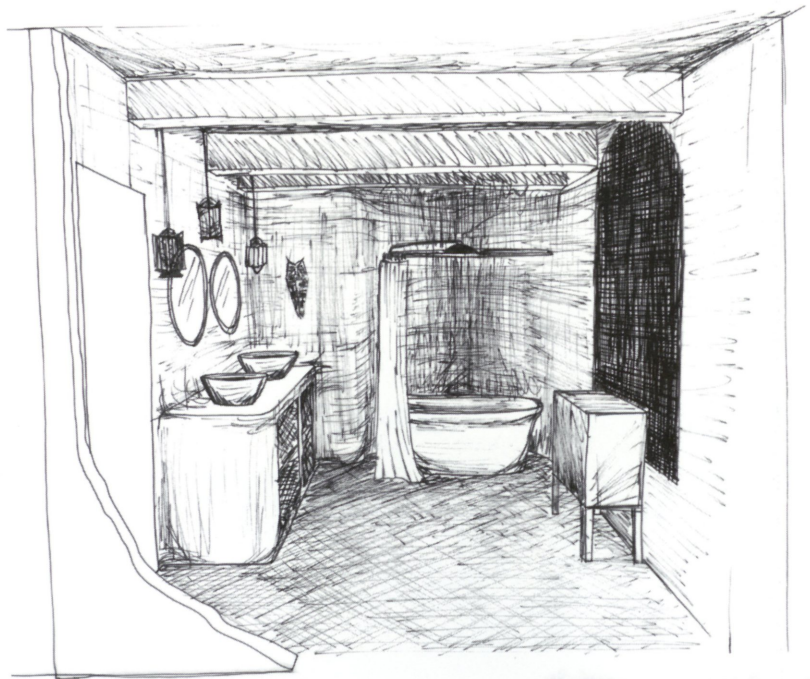
Opelika Public Library Design
Rachel Meadows





Interior Perspective for Oscar de la Renta
Tyler Johnson

Reading Room
Terran Wilson





Reception Room
Amy Lewis

Bathroom
Lauren Breabson

Off-White Refinement
John Doyle

Perspective Final
Lauren Brabson



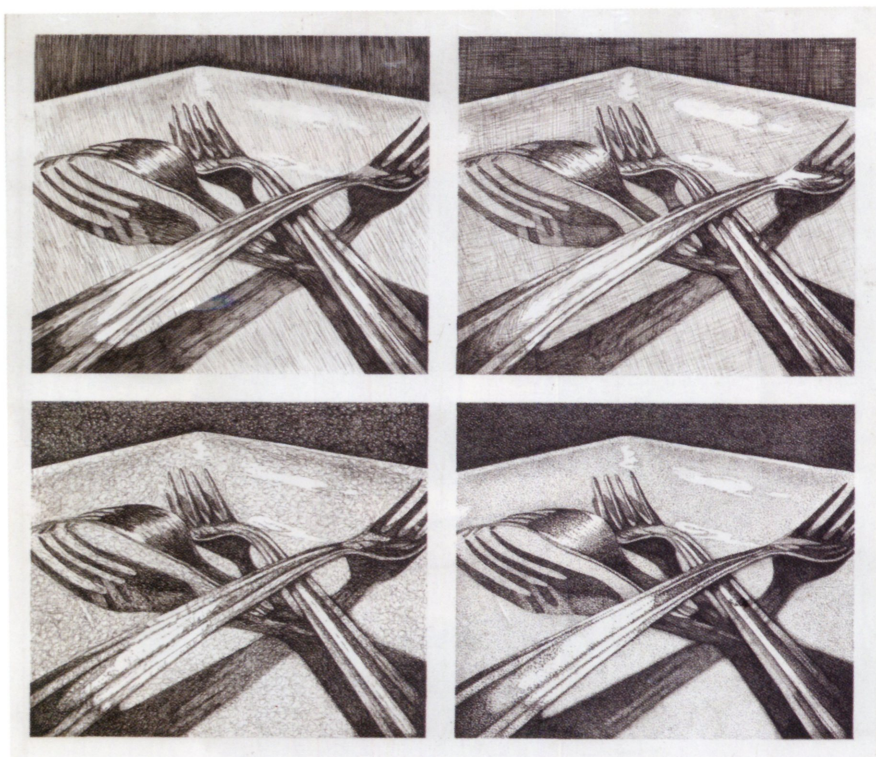


piece of cake.



Piece of Cake Bakery
Elizabeth Wilbourne

Forks
Brittany Fleming



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank the Auburn University faculty and staff for your support:

Dr. Johnny Green, Dean of Students
Dafni Greene, Student Publications Adviser
Lisa Lee, Administrative Support
Carl Leon Ross, Foy Union Staff
AU Photographic Services
Board of Student Communications
Art Department
Architecture Department
English Department
Interior Design Department
Department of Communications and Journalism
Bayu Prakosa, Business Manager
Ricky Lee Whittemore II, Web Designer

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SUBMISSIONS

We are always looking for submissions in prose, poetry, journalism, fine art, sculpture, graphic design & illustration, fiction & non-fiction literature, fashion design, interior design, architecture and any other documentable literary/art forms.

WAYS TO SUBMIT

Make sure to save files separately and label your name and title in the proper format mentioned below. Also, be sure to turn in your submission waiver to The Circle office.

Art and Photography

Submit art as a digital file of at least 300 dpi. Save each file as .jpeg and title each file "your name - title.jpeg"

Design

Design files must be saved as a high quality PDF document.

Title each file "your name - title.pdf"

Literature

Save as Microsoft Word Document (.doc) file, title as "your name - title.doc"

Submit your work via email: acircle@auburn.edu

For more information go to www.auburn.edu/circle

The Spring deadline is February 8, 2008.



some things never change...